

THE
PHILANTHROPE:

AFTER THE MANNER OF

A PERIODICAL PAPER.

Humani nihil a me alienum puto.

TER.

L O N D O N :

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ADVERTISEMENT.

LETTERS have sometimes been published that never were dispatched, or intended to be dispatched; dramatic performances that were never exhibited on any theatre; speeches that were never spoken; and even sermons that were never preached. In like manner, Essays, and Views of Human Nature, may be offered to the Public, after the manner of Periodical Papers, though they were not originally published with such peculiarity of form, or at different times.

In this publication, the discussion of political questions has been carefully avoided. Such subjects are, no doubt, of great importance; and are, at present, very fashionable. Yet it cannot be denied, that unless they be very judiciously managed, they have a tendency to pervert the temper, embitter the dispositions, and spoil the

good-humour of social life. It may therefore be of some service to aim at instructing or entertaining the Public, without admitting any subject that may have an effect to destroy that amiable softness which the culture of classical literature (if the expression may be used on the present occasion) and of moral knowledge are calculated to promote.

For any further particulars respecting the writers, or design of this volume, the Reader is referred to such occasional notices as may occur in the work itself, and especially in the first and second Numbers.

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we suppose the attention and exertions of the
 mind towards one thing or thing, and their
 object to be, in consequence of their failure
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 affections, and the objects alluded to entirely with-

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Others again, adopting an opposite course,
 and acting agreeably to another common
maxim, that a good opinion is better than a great
 "of recommendation," profess themselves as

very proper reasoners. Others, however, who
 practice the art of dissimulation, and

N^o I. FRIDAY, *March 8, 17—*

Inæstimabile bonum est suum fieri.

SEN.

I HAVE heard, that writers like me, who under-
 take the bold and adventurous office of instructing
 mankind in periodical admonitions, find more
 difficulty in composing their introductory Paper
 than any other. Anxious about their first ap-
 pearance, they invent many arch devices to
 prepossess the public in their behalf. Some-
 times they appear "curtailed of their fair pro-
 "portion;" and endeavour to insinuate themselves
 into the favour of the gentle reader, by being
 singular or even defective in their external form.
 Announcing themselves as "rudely stamped" in
 their outward shape, they would have it under-
 stood perhaps, that, agreeably to some received
 opinions, the structure and proportions of their
 inward man are completely regular. Nor, if

we suppose the attention and exertions of the mind towards one sense or faculty, and their object to be, in consequence of their failure, imparted to all or any of our other senses or faculties, are the opinions alluded to entirely without foundation.

Others again, adopting an opposite system, and acting agreeably to another common remark, "that a good appearance is better than a letter of recommendation," present themselves as very proper gentlemen. Of those, however, who practise this sort of introduction, some advancing with bashful hesitation, would not offend you by their presumption; and very often, like those needy foreigners who, resorting to London in quest of fortune, get easy admission into the houses of the great, would have you understand, that they are much better than what they seem. They may probably insinuate, that on account of great refinement and delicacy of feeling, they had been unfit for the paltry business of managing their own affairs: and had lost considerable and hereditary fortunes, by the chicanery of groveling and selfish worldlings: or that they had formed a sentimental connection early in life, with some divine person, who, being too excellent to live upon earth, had preferred a celestial to a mortal lover!—Others again would seem undaunted in their address:
and

and of these, one will affect liveliness, laugh much, tell you good stories, and endeavour to conciliate favour by seeming gay and facetious: Another, advancing with such gravity in his deportment as becomes a person of conscious dignity, would command respect, rather than solicit indulgence; and, arrayed in the panoply of wisdom, would, with a frown, annihilate folly;

“ Would with a glance of his indignant eye,
“ Wither the sinews of gigantic vice.”

It is indeed no easy matter to enumerate the various disguises of sex, age, and condition, which have been assumed by those benevolent authors, who have employed themselves by daily, weekly, or monthly communications, in giving knowledge and good advice to mankind.

For my own part, I frankly confess, that I labour under the same difficulty with my predecessors or fellow-teachers: and that I have long studied what appearance would be most likely to prepossess the public in *my* behalf. I have sometimes intended to recommend myself, by being old and grey-headed: but though this might give me some weight with the venerable part of my audience, I gave up the idea; lest I should be considered by my younger readers as belonging to a former age, ignorant of the present, and unfit to instruct them. On the other hand, as I would

not be thought too airy and frivolous, I am unwilling to seem a stripling; nor would I pretend to encounter fashion, the redoubted champion of folly, with no other weapons than a "sling" and a smooth stone from the brook." So I must be excused, at present, from saying any thing about my old age, youth, or manhood.—My fortune too, and rank in life, are circumstances of some importance. I know very well, that should I announce myself as wealthy or even independent; should I speak of my carriage and servants; or hint my intimacy with persons of high condition; it would confer on my Paper an air of consequence. Yet a declaration of this sort might expose me to some envy among my brother authors, with whom I wish to live upon decent terms. Nor am I altogether certain, that the estimate of genius and ability rises in a proportion corresponding to the fortune or lineage of an author. Yet, as I would wish to have admission into respectable families, I will not represent myself as living in a garret, enjoying my chief happiness in a coffee-house, or coffee-house club, and my highest emolument from the bounty of booksellers. Concerning my fortune, therefore, I must also be silent.—But what of my mind? This question is of the utmost importance: and a great part of my anticipated reputation may depend on my answer. Am I learned? I must of course, in

in the opinion of many readers, whom I would not choose to disgust, be ignorant of the world, a book-worm, and illiberal. Am I unlearned? How presumptuous, then, to assume the function of a public instructor! In this dilemma, I have sometimes thought of assuming the character of a preternatural Being. Yet, if I took the character of an angel, I might betray myself; or be held, at any rate, but an insipid visitant. If I took the shape of a goblin, all decent persons would shut their doors upon me: I should be plagued with exorcisms; and every public calamity, war, rain, tempests, and bad harvests, would be charged upon *me*. I might even suffer inconvenience from the civilities or importunities of my friends; and be treated by them as a familiar spirit. With regard, therefore, to my learning and mental endowments, I must observe the same silence as concerning my age, person, and situation.

Reflecting on what I have written, I cannot help considering myself as somewhat unfortunate. In the introduction to such discourses as are intended to convince or persuade, the critics, from the days of Cicero and Quintilian, have enjoined their disciples, so to deliver and announce themselves, as to secure the attention, and conciliate the good-will of their readers or hearers. But what have I done? Have I not seemed to impeach my readers; and charge them with disingenuous or pusillani-

mous want of candour? Have I not almost insinuated, that they allow themselves to be seduced by mere appearances, captivated and imposed upon by semblance and feigned pretence? May not this inference be deduced from my own unsuccessful anxiety, and the successful anxiety of all my great predecessors, who have assumed and supported fictitious characters? Every one of them has told his readers indirectly, though perhaps he was not aware of doing so, that they would not trust their own unbiassed judgment, nor allow themselves to be pleased, till they knew who he was who presumed to please them; and if he were a person of such eminence, or so connected in the great, genteel, or literary world, as that they might safely venture to be instructed. Perhaps this sentiment was not intended; but since it may be inferred, let me retract while I am able: and wishing to be well received, let me not by such general aspersions, excite the displeasure, or alarm the jealousies of my courteous readers. I would therefore tell them, that all persons of improved understanding, cultivated manners, and virtuous principles, are competent judges of good writing and good instruction: and that they will trespass against their own independence, independence of thought and sentiment, if they will not, on this and on all occasions, give judgment agreeably to
their

their convictions; and be pleased, and express their pleasure, agreeably to their sensations. "Independence of opinion and the mastery of our own spirits, is," in the language of Seneca, "an invaluable blessing."

N^o II.

Personam feret non inconcinnus.

HOR.

"ALL the world's a stage," according to Shakespeare, "and all the men and women merely players." But with the utmost deference for an authority so very respectable, I would suggest another similitude; and compare all the men and women upon earth, to a masquerade. We assume likenesses and disguises; and in the choice of our appearances, we are guided by different principles.

Sometimes we assume the character of what we wish to be: and hence your Venuses, your sultanas, your Mahometan emperors, and gorgeous nabobs. Sometimes we affect the opposite of what we are: and so we have nuns, friars, and quakers; boisterous gentle shepherds, modest lawyers, and obliging devils. It is not unusual for persons to affect the appearance of characters which they conceive inadvertently to be the reverse of their own; but who nevertheless, if I may use the expression, represent and display themselves. Hence you have the most natural quacks, merry-andrews, and monkeys; Bucchanalians, whose assumed turbulence costs

costs them no sort of effort; clowns, whose rusticity has all the advantage of native ease; Thais's, who have the utmost facility in suppressing their blushes; critics who snarl, and buffoons who asperse, as if their snarling and vilifying powers were not their own, but given them; not assumed, but inspired. It must also be acknowledged, that many in like manner, affecting appearances, as they apprehend, very different from the reality, and representing amiable or graceful characters, conduct themselves with so much propriety, as to convince every beholder, that they are even as they seem. A considerable part of the company take no characteristical dress; and disguising themselves no otherwise than with a mask and a domino, seem to have no desire of drawing any attention to themselves; but of enjoying the pastime as it goes, or of observing the conduct of others. Of these, however, there are not a few, who, by humorous remark, judicious observation, and seasonable admonition, obtain undesired and unsolicited notice.

You may also have observed, that for some time after the beginning of the entertainment, there is much shyness and reserve. Every one is as desirous of concealing himself as of detecting others. The company, by degrees, become more familiar: they grow weary of concealment; they tire of their feigned voices; they
are

are less solicitous of remaining unknown ; and they begin to unmask themselves to particular persons, or confidentially in remote rooms and corners. At length the whole company sitting down to the supper that concludes the entertainment, they appear just what they are. And is not all this a representation of human life? Do not all, or a considerable part of mankind affect appearances? Desirous of detecting others, we are no less desirous of concealing ourselves. But do we not, on many occasions, mistake the characters we would assume? Sometimes, not intending it, we appear as we are; and sometimes the reverse. We become gradually more familiar with one another; some from constitutional boldness; many from the consciousness of having nothing to conceal; and many, reposing an amiable confidence in the urbanity and goodwill of the company. All of us, at last, sit down at one common table; laying aside our vizors, we no longer personate assumed characters: and the pleasure we shall derive from the remainder, as well as that which we have enjoyed in the preceding part of the entertainment, will depend, not more on the provision that is made for us, than on our own taste, temper, and consequent capacity of enjoyment.

I too am a masker, at this general masquerade. The part I propose to perform is, no doubt, difficult, and may be apprehended presumptuous.

It is no less than to prevent and correct impropriety and indecorum. My intention however is not to rail and abuse; but to contribute, as far as hint, suggestion, or even advice may be of service, to the good-humour, amusement, and may I say improvement? of the company.

Meanwhile, as in other masquerades, scarcely any one appears who is unknown to the whole company; so I frankly confess, that I am not unknown to a few persons, with whose temporary disguises I also am not unacquainted. Nay, these persons have entered into the same project with myself; and their object is to co-operate with me, in superintending the manners and deportment of those who constitute our society. But though we have divided ourselves into different departments; some being to observe persons of one denomination, and some those of another; none of us are to meddle with such as may be so disorderly, as to excite unbecoming or outrageous riot. For the restraint and correction of these, proper officers are no doubt appointed *. I have only to add, that if any other masker, with like views and principles, shall be disposed to assist me, I shall be seasonably, and duly thankful. Perhaps, in the progress of the entertainment, we may become acquainted with one another; and all, or a considerable number of us, enjoy the additional satisfaction of more intimate and friendly communication.

* Ut sis tu similis Cœli Birrhiq̃ue, latronum,
Non ego sim Capri, neque Sulci.

HOR.

N^o III.

E coelo descendit, Γνωθὶ σεαυτον. Juv.

“**K**NOW thyself,” was a precept so celebrated, and held in such veneration by the sages of antiquity, that they ascribed it to the Pythian Oracle. Yet some of my readers may probably tell me, “The precept is certainly needless. Have I not constantly lived in my own company? Have I ever, either asleep or awake, been separated from myself? Am I not acquainted with the figure of my own body, my stature, and complexion? Nor am I less acquainted with the structure of my mind, my habits, and dispositions. Who can pretend to know me better than I know myself? Not even my most intimate acquaintance can tell more of me, than I choose to discover. So that the Pythian Priestess might have spared her exhortation; or, at least, the sages of antiquity needed not to have repeated her ravings.”

It may be you have lived long in your own company; and that you are dexterous in the arts of concealment. Very dexterous indeed! For I will endeavour to convince you, that you may not only conceal yourself, your passions, habits, and inclinations, from your acquaintance; but

but also, penetrating though you be, from your own discernment.

You may observe many persons, who, notwithstanding their own contrary opinion, are ignorant even of their external appearance. Are you acquainted with no one to whom his doating nurse or grandmother may have said in his childhood, that he had a captivating eye or elegant eyebrow, laying up this important truth in his heart; making it, with much inward complacency, the subject of his private thoughts; and, in due time, extending the influence of this eye or eye-brow over the whole of his outward form? The consummate limb or feature, whether an eye or a foot, shall, in his fond conceit, cover a multitude of imperfections; shall correct tints, otherwise of an unyielding nature; and reduce stubborn disproportion to the softest symmetry. The peacock in the fable, conscious of her shining colours, fancied that her voice was melodious: and the swan, no less subject to self-deceit, believed the whiteness of her plumage would atone for, or render unperceived, the blackness of her legs. In like manner, many persons possessing a single feature, or limb, or talent, or disposition, worthy of praise or attention; and, in evil hour, conscious of their endowment, shall extend it to the whole of their figure or character; and so believe themselves very perfect.

Indeed

Indeed there is usually something in the appearance, that not only justifies, but occasions such self-deceit. The giant does not conceive himself a dwarf; nor the dwarf, a giant. Nigritia, with a complexion no fairer than the wing of a raven, will not believe that she is as white as a lily: nor does even Fulvia apprehend that her fiery tresses are of a jetty black. Yet the giant asserts the advantages of lofty stature; and the dwarf praises agility, and the neatness of a form considerably abridged. Nigritia passes in her own mind for an ebon beauty; and the oaths of a lover are not necessary to prevail with Fulvia to think herself a lovely Dane.

This self-deceit, to which all of us are more or less liable, and which renders self-knowledge indispensably necessary to those who aspire after propriety and improvement, is well illustrated by an anecdote of Apelles.—He was, you know, an eminent painter; and was to execute a picture of Venus, the goddess of love and beauty. What a difficult task! Venus he had never seen: and what model could he propose? Among all the daughters of men, even those whom his youthful fancy conceived the fairest, who was worthy of representing Venus? Yet many of them had pretensions. He himself, no doubt, for painters no less than poets have been addicted to this species of idolatry, had rendered them constant homage; and
had

had pronounced them Venuses in human form. Surely then, when about to execute a picture of that divinity, he could hardly be at a loss; he could have many a pattern; he had only to choose the fairest of those whom he had formerly deified: and probably, when he undertook the task, he had this idea in view.—Accordingly, the report went abroad. Apelles was to engage in such a work! What emulation among the maidens of Greece! What solicitude! but certainly, for the credit of the sex, no solicitation about the choice! And what anxious attention to dress and adornment!—Meantime, the painter began his progress: he resorted to every public assembly: he viewed with a critical eye every candidate for the praise of beauty: and was to choose the fairest of his fair acquaintance. But how exceedingly was he mortified! He had hitherto regarded them with the partial eye of a lover: he was now to observe them as a critic and as an artist. In the most renowned, he discerned imperfection; and in many whom he had formerly worshipped, he found no more than a single shade of beauty, a single lineament, or single grace. The situation was truly difficult. Yet Apelles had his resources. “I will,” said he, “make all of them fit for the picture. But from Lesbia I will copy only the mouth; with this, the eye of Saphira, the complexion of Galatea, the

“ the

“the air of Lydia, the hand of Myrrha, and
“the fingers of Aspasia, will render me a perfect
“Venus.” “Alas,” said a friend to whom he
imparted his project, “you may indeed execute a
“perfect picture; but among the fair sex, you
“will cease to have any favour. They will never
“forgive you if you undervalue any of their
“fancied allurements. All of them expect
“the honor of representing Venus; and,
“no one finding herself on your canvass, be
“assured you will incense them all.” The
danger, no doubt, was great: but the painter
was not ignorant of human nature; and adhered
to his plan.—The work was at length com-
pleted: and the fame of Apelles was blazoned
through every city of Greece. The maidens,
to whom he had been indebted, came, conscious
of their charms, to behold themselves in the
picture. The friend of Apelles stood by, full of
anxiety for the painter. But he had little occa-
sion. “Yes,” said Galatea, casting a careless
glance at the canvass, “he has really hit my com-
“plexion;” and went away satisfied that she was
Venus. Lesbia was afraid to speak, lest the act
of breathing should spoil the resemblance she bore
to the Goddess. Then Lydia came; and throw-
ing herself, as it were without intention, into the
attitude of the figure, “I did not imagine he
“could have caught my air so exactly; I am so
“impatient

“ impatient of being stared at, he had scarcely
“ time to observe me: but no one can mistake
“ the likeness.” She was hardly gone when
Saphira came, and blushed, and smiled, and
seemed so diffident, and withal, so conscious,
that her convictions were abundantly manifest.
“ To be sure, said Myrrha, he is a faithful
“ painter; he has copied the very turn of my
“ hand.” And excepting the turn of her hand
Myrrha had no share in the picture. “ Poor
“ creatures!” said Aspasia, “ they will burst
“ with envy; for he has copied me to the very
“ shape of my fingers.” And to be sure her
fingers were on the canvass; but nothing else
of Aspasia.—So it was too with several others.
They were all satisfied. Each of them fan-
cied that she was Venus. They praised the
painter: Apelles smiled: and his friend was
silent.

N° IV.

—— Pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona.

Juv.

IT was an article of belief among the ancient Scandinavians, according to Mallet in his history of Denmark, that the term of a man's life could be prolonged, if any one would die in his stead. "This," continues the historian, "was a frequent practice, when the life of a ruler or illustrious warrior was in imminent danger; for it was supposed that Odin, the chief object of their religious worship, appeased by such an offering, would prevail with the destinies to lengthen the thread of that person's life, whom his friends were so desirous of saving." But, if we may judge by what Suetonius has related of a Roman Emperor, this part of their creed was not altogether peculiar to the inhabitants of Scandinavia; for when Caligula was afflicted with a dangerous malady, one of his courtiers made a solemn vow, that if the Prince's life were preserved, he would suffer death for his sake. The emperor unfortunately recovered: and the poor courtier, who seemed not unwilling to have forgotten his promise, was obliged to perform it. Adorned with

with fillets and flowers, like a victim, he was led about the streets of Rome, by a company of boys; for Caligula's superstition was garnished on this, as perhaps on many other occasions, with inhuman sarcasm; and compelled afterwards to throw himself down a precipice.

Reflecting on these anecdotes, I had a vision, which, without any farther apology, I will communicate to my readers; for the right of dreaming, and of telling their dreams, has been, time out of mind, the indefeasible privilege of periodical writers. I fancied, that by a new institution in the order of things, every person who was tired of life might for a reasonable consideration, and without incurring any guilt, grant a part of his vital thread to any one else who wanted an additional portion. In order to facilitate the transference, an office was kept in a central part of the globe; to which, by the same novelty of appointment, those persons who were desirous of applying either for prolongation or deprivation might convey themselves by a wish. Judges also were appointed, who not only registered names, and kept a record of their transactions, but who determined concerning the claims and petitions presented by candidates for life or death.—Fancying myself present, on a day of business, at this office of curtail or extension, I will not now say, whether the number of those

who wished to die without being guilty of suicide, or of those who solicited a few additional years, was the greatest. The number of both was immense: and comprehended persons of every age, sex, and condition.

Among others who, in a particular manner, drew my attention, I saw a respectable merchant, who had reached his grand climacteric, soliciting a release. He was well dressed, well fed; and nothing but the gloominess of his look could have made me suppose that he wished for a change. He told the Judges, that he could not boast of distinguished lineage; that he had entered into life with no higher success than what might arise from his own exertion; and that, in the most sanguine days of his early youth, when he was writing in his master's counting-house, he would have been satisfied with the assurance of a decent competency. Recommending himself however, by his faithful assiduity, to men of business, he had entered into respectable partnership; and rose, in a short time, to great and unexpected opulence. He had fine houses in town and country; splendid carriages; many servants; and was visited by persons of the foremost rank. He had married advantageously, and even honourably. On the birth of his eldest son he considered how creditable it would be, to let him have a fortune so
great

great as that he might found a respectable family. Successful, beyond expectation, in his various concerns, he was prompted at the birth of his second son by the same sort of passion. He had many children: and at length, verging towards old age, he indulged the desire, and flattered himself with the hope, of leaving opulent fortunes to all his sons, and of thus being the founder of several families. He already conceived himself a patrician Patriarch: and anticipated the time when he should have his venerable portrait suspended in several lofty castles, as the progenitor of so many wealthy or noble houses. He accordingly persisted in his labours; but though his returns were great, they were not equal to his wishes: his locks were growing hoary; and he became impatient to have all his children established as he desired. He had provided magnificently for Edward and James; but what was to become of poor William and Henry? He therefore determined, in consideration of his usual success, to hazard some immense speculations. He launched into the funds; bought up every article of commerce, whether at home or abroad, that would probably be in request; engaged in extensive manufacturing projects; and thus set afloat the greater part of his fortune. But though "he cast his bread upon the waters, it did not return after many days." The state of Europe underwent such changes, that at

the period he expected to sell, there was no market for his commodities: at the same time, those from whom he had purchased estates on terms highly advantageous, but without advancing the money, became clamorous for their payments: stocks fell when he was under the necessity of selling out: so that all the mountains of gold that swelled on his imagination vanished in disappointment. Still however, after all this wreck of his towering hopes, he remained in possession of an ample fortune. He who had originally no other estate than a grey-goose quill, had now several thousands by year. But he could not be a founder of families, nor have his picture displayed in three or four Gothic castles. The situation was not to be born; life was no longer alluring: his sumptuous table, costly gardens, and gay retinue, afforded him no enjoyment. Even his children, amiable though they were, and accomplished, instead of yielding him consolation, embittered his sufferings; for he could not leave to each of them a palace and corresponding estate. "He was therefore not only willing but desirous to die; he prayed they would clip his thread: for it was now so rough and entangled, that he could not weave it into any agreeable project. He would, on the most reasonable terms, part with ten or twenty years."

"I will

“I will buy them,” said a shrill, tremulous, and impatient voice from among the croud; “and give a plum for the bargain. I have as much more; and will give the half, or even more than the half of my fortune, for a few additional yards of life. My wife, whom I have just now married, is indeed no more than sixteen: but I am seventy-nine; and wish to have a little time for rearing some sons and daughters.” A roar of laughter arose, when a little meagre tottering creature, that had been a man, came forward, leading in his hand a jolly maiden, who seemed however a good deal abashed: “for,” added he, in his treble tone, “my beloved bride joins me in the request; and be assured, that if you grant my petition, I will, at the appointed time, bid a chearful adieu to all earthly enjoyments.”

A young man succeeded, with an appearance so very languishing that he would have furnished an excellent character in a sentimental story. “His faith had been plighted to an angelic female: she had been cut off by untimely death: he could not bear to exist; and begged they would give him leave to expire.” The court pitied him: they wished him to take the matter into further consideration: they advised him to walk a little in an adjoining grove; and return again to the hall of audience.—He had scarcely

gone out, when a young and beautiful female, with dishevelled tresses, trembling and weeping, presented such another petition. Let the classical reader think of Venus bewailing Adonis. The fair petitioner had lost her lover, cut off by untimely death: "she could no longer exist: "and hoped they would transfer to some happier "solicitor the remaining years of a life that to "her must be full of sorrow." The court felt and acted as in the preceding instance: they desired her to walk in the adjoining grove: and proceeded in the mean time to the discussion of some other claimants. I omit mentioning some languid Lords who were desirous of dying, and some doughty dowagers who wished to live; and hasten to inform my readers that the result of the petitions presented by the youthful petitioners, was somewhat different from what I expected. They made no haste to return. Some of the Judges became impatient: some were afraid they had made their elopement by hemp or by water, without the usual passport; but the most experienced, who were not unacquainted with such petitioners, entertained no apprehensions of premature departure. At last they were sent for. They were found by the bank of a limpid stream, under the shade of a spreading myrtle. They had met in the grove. The young man thought the young woman so like the
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the maid he had lost; and she thought the young man so like her lamented lover; that they shrieked; ran away; thought it a delusion; returned; they were not the same; but were so like, that the maiden fainted; the youth supported her; led her to the myrtle shade; and now came into the hall of audience, requesting for both, "that their petitions might be restored to them, for that, on account of the resemblance; and for the regard they bore to their former lovers; and since they could not do better; they would unite their threads, and live the rest of their days together."—The court consented.

A young West Indian then appeared. He was altogether so very trim, so very fine, and so very fragrant, that I never doubted but that his petition was for a continuance, rather than for an abridgment of his present life. He came skipping and singing, and taking snuff from an elegant snuff-box; flourishing with his hand so as to shew its shape and the diamond ring that adorned it; stopping sometimes to survey himself; or seeming to pick his teeth, to observe in his little mirror the posture of his looks and colour. He threw down his petition with an air of much unconcern: said with a fashionable oath, "that had it not been for the fashion he would not have troubled the grey-beards; for that a
"pistol

“pistol in his own apartments would have done
“his business with expedition.” Solicitous to
know the causes that could produce his desire
of departure, I soon learned, by the tenor of his
petition, that he was the youngest son of a
wealthy Creole; that he had been left a few
thousand pounds by his father who was lately
dead; that being intended for the bar, he had
been some time at an academy in the neighbour-
hood of London; that however, having by the
facility of his guardians got possession of his for-
tune, he threw it in the form of bank notes and
guineas into a drawer: became entirely fashion-
able; fauntered in Bond-street; reeled with
most conspicuous distinction in the play-house
lobbies; drove an exquisite curricke; bought
every trinket that caught his eye; and did
every thing in his power to get rid of his guineas.
He was quite successful: soon saw the bottom
of his repository; and at length one royal soli-
tary friend. He never hesitated: left cards for
taking leave at all houses where he used to visit;
returned to his closet; charged an elegant pistol
after admiring it for half an hour; would have ap-
plied it to his temple; but recollecting that the
office was the present rage, that there he would
probably meet with a great deal of company, he
got himself dressed; formed his wish, and ap-
peared.—The court hesitated. They thought
it

it a pity that a *thing* so playful should have its existence abridged. But as he persisted in his desire; for such fluttering things are sometimes obstinate, or unadvisable; they thought him too insignificant not to grant his request. So he had his name entered for a transference.

Then in a mighty fume entered an important author. He was raging against the times. "The desire of knowledge was now extinct: "the art of thinking was quite abolished: ignorance, frivolity, sing-song, and idle novels, were "now substituted in place of science and sound "philosophy. He had written," he said, "a "masterly treatise full of erudite metaphysics, "in which he had developed all the principles of human nature; and tracing error "through all her mazes, had delivered men "from the prejudices of early education, and "the bondage of false opinion: yet, strange to "tell, his work had fallen dead from the press, "lay unopened on the bookseller's counter, "or as lumber in his ware-room: and therefore he would not live; nor endure any longer "the absurdity and impertinence of his contemporaries. No doubt," he said, "he might "have gone to sleep without asking permission;" but muttering something from Shakespeare, about dreaming in his sleep, he said, "he thought "it might be as well to receive the value of a
"transference

"transference for the benefit of his heirs." The court, not considering his life of any moment to society, surprized him a good deal by expressing their willingness to grant his request: telling him at the same time, "that they expected another author on a similar errand; for that his tragedy having been damned at one of the theatres, he had almost anticipated the catastrophe of the fifth act, by hanging himself from the manager's box." "And is Mr. Anapest's tragedy damned!" exclaimed the Philosopher. "I must hasten to condole with him, and enjoy his chagreen." So snatching his petition out of the hands of a registering clerk, he suddenly slipped away.

N^o V.

Tamen, ut opinor, hanc animi remissionem humanissimam,
ac liberalissimam judicaretis.

Cic.

SIR,

THE chief object of instruction is, in general, even among civilized and polished nations, to qualify men, if they have no hereditary possessions, for obtaining a sustenance suited to their condition; and for enabling all of them, whether originally poor or rich, to discharge the various duties which their various situations demand. But though the primary end of education be to train up men for those professions that may be necessary to their existence; or for those offices which a due regard to themselves as individuals, as members of families, of communities, of states, or of the world, require of them; it has still another very important object; and is often very properly employed in fitting us for those lighter exercises that may be necessary for the amusement of leisure, or the relaxation of business. As even the most indigent part of mankind cannot always be employed in the performance of heavy labour; so there are many from whom few or small exertions

are

are exacted; and no inconsiderable number who are exempted, by the favour of fortune, from the laborious exercise of either mental or bodily powers. Although however, like "the lilies of the field, they neither toil nor spin;" such is the law of human nature, that they cannot remain in a state of utter inaction; but must employ their time so as that the faculties of their constitution may not be annihilated in overwhelming torpor. This, in the improved state of nations, is not only the condition of all females distinguished by rank or fortune; but of a very considerable number of males: among many of whom, even the functions of necessary and professional occupation engage but a few hours of the day, or a few days of the year. As therefore, in improved society, the exercises of amusement challenge a considerable degree of attention, education is often employed in teaching men how to amuse themselves; and sometimes also, though perhaps too seldom, in directing the choice of their diversions. In truth the sports and pastime of mankind, as they may tend not only to divert the mind in a proper manner, either from itself, as among persons of opulence; or from toilsome occupation, as among the less wealthy members of a community; but likewise to corrupt the manners of men, and enfeeble their understandings; become, or ought to become, a subject of consideration
both

both with moralists and legislators. Hence it is, that what are denominated the fine or elegant arts, have been introduced into polished nations in all ages; and were cultivated formerly at Athens and at Rome, as they have been in later times in France and in England.

Not altogether coëval with, but soon after the rise and culture of painting, sculpture, music, and elegant writing, the art, or more properly speaking, the science of the critic made its appearance: for if men were to be amused with pictures, statues, the recitations of oratorical or the representations of poetical composition, they were to be amused in various degrees, and led to form different judgments concerning different performances of the same or of various artists. The criticism, however, of painting, sculpture, and music was, and ever must be confined to a smaller number, than the criticism of elegant writing: because the number of elegant writers is greater than that of painters, sculptors, and real musicians; and because the number of persons, who have opportunities of obtaining such amusement, or who can have that sort of experience which may enable them to relish it when obtained, is also greater. Add to this that howsoever the multitude might feel excellence, or the contrary, in the works of the painter or musician, it required a degree of professional knowledge not so easily obtained as the

the professional knowledge; so to say, of poetry oratory, or history, to speak in proper terms concerning the defects or merits of a landkip or a sonnet. The cant, or to use a more respectful term, the diction of musicians and painters, is a sort of *chevaux de frize*, which defends them from the assault of ignorant but petulant animadversion; while the flower garden and pleasure ground of the poet and orator are exposed to the rudeness of self-importance, or impertinence of self-conceit. Let it not be supposed however, that the function of the critic when properly discharged is either useless or illiberal. That sort of criticism in particular, which tends to the improvement of those powers usually denominated powers of taste, by which we are rendered capable of receiving pleasure, independent of utility, from the works of art or nature, contributes very largely both to pleasure and to improvement. Nor is its value so much confined to the elucidation of general principles, as that it should not appear to very great advantage, in ascertaining or illustrating the merit of particular works or passages. We are not much more indebted to the philosophical critic, who by unravelling associations, or by investigating influences, determines what is really excellent, though the operation be highly meritorious; than to the accurate and ingenious observer, who, perhaps no less philosophically,

fophically, though without the pretension, removes the obscurity of particular views, and presents to us, in appropriated and peculiar attitudes, the very form and features of the excellence that would allure us. With regard to elegant writing especially, much praise is due to the taste of those critics who may have directed the attention and regard of mankind to the merit of unobserved or depreciated genius. The blaze of radiance that crowns the head of Milton, revealed to an admiring world by the ingenuity of Addison, and not observed by them till he revealed it, imparts some of its beams to the temperate and lucid glory that invests the brow of that amiable critic.

I hope then, that as the amusements of a people are not unconnected with their morals, you will not think it incompatible with the task you have undertaken of instructing your contemporaries in some of the properties and duties of life; to exhibit occasionally such elucidation of the general principles that reign in the imitative arts, especially in the art of fine-writing; and such illustration of particular passages or particular performances, either in prose or verse, as may tend to the purity and improvement of the public taste.

PHILOIDES.

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AGREE-

AGREEABLY to the views suggested by this correspondent, I shall, in the two following numbers, offer some considerations, communicated by a friend, on the similarity that seems to subsist between the principles of taste and those of ethics or moral philosophy. Occasionally too, I shall lay before my readers some critical remarks on works or passages of antient and modern authors. Skill in composition and the knowledge of good-writing are more general in this country at present than at any preceding period. Few persons who have made any progress in literature, but have pretensions to taste; and few who have pretensions to taste can refrain from writing. But though such tendency, in our manners is at least innocent, and may be useful, it requires to be properly directed. Pretensions to taste and ingenuity, unless they be founded on just principles, deviate into error; and seducing us from the love of classical simplicity, dazzle our perceptions with the glare of conceit, or with unmeaning pomp confound our discernment.

N^o VI.

— Qualem decet esse fororum.

OVID.

TO those who enter into the study of ethics or moral philosophy, the inquiry that naturally presents itself previously to any other discussion, is, Whether the distinction between virtue and vice be natural or artificial? Previously, in like manner, to other discussions in criticism, it is frequently and properly asked, Is there any foundation in nature for a distinction between what is excellent or not excellent in the objects of taste? In the prosecution of this inquiry, the parallel between ethics and criticism may, in several particulars, be very fully preserved. Is there, in the nature of things, an immutable distinction between virtue and vice? You answer in the affirmative; you say there is an original difference: all men in every age and nation abhor injustice, perfidy, and cruelty: all men in every age and nation approve and applaud justice, truth, and clemency. It is asked, in like manner, Is there any foundation for a distinction, independently of shifting and capricious opinion, between beauty and deformity in the works of art and of nature? You say there is; and assert,

that all men in every age and nation consider the same objects as misshapen or ill-coloured : all men in every age and nation pronounce the same shapes and the same colours beautiful or graceful.

The parallel proceeds: It is objected to the moralist, that the approbation of virtue has not been uniform and consistent ; that actions the most horrid have, even among polished nations, been practised without condemnation : and the Athenians, celebrated as they were for refinement, are arraigned for the voluntary and deliberate exposure, and consequent death of their helpless and infant children. If so, we need not be surpris'd if the savage Indian should, without blame, put to death a cumbersome and feeble father. The polished Athenian and savage Indian bear witness, that the vaunted distinction between virtue and vice is an ideal line, and that opinion passes and re-passes it, as the sun shines, or as the wind blows.

In reply : We have many principles of action ; they are often at variance with one another ; they are not upon all occasions duly balanced ; and one affection may have acquired such undue force, as to prevent the operation of others. But though some important principle may, by the influence of some excessive counteracting power, be for a time suspended, we are not therefore to affirm that it is entirely suppress'd,

or

or that it never existed. Self-love, for example, is an acknowledged and powerful principle. But self-love is not the source of all our actions. We sometimes neglect our own interest, and obey the impulse of kind affection. We sometimes act contrary to our own interest, and obey the dictates of inconsiderate anger. When Alexander killed Clytus, he was not guided by self-love. Self-love, or a regard to his own interest, would have inclined him to an opposite conduct. He was moved by inconsiderate and excessive anger. Now, though self-love may be suspended by the temporary violence of passion, or the stubborn obstinacy of ill-founded opinion, we are not therefore to conclude that it is entirely suppressed, or that it never existed.

If it can be shewn, in like manner, that apparent contradictions to the judgment of conscience, or a moral faculty, proceed from the occasional excess and irregular ascendancy of thoughtless passion and erroneous opinion, we are not to say that there is no difference between justice and injustice, cruelty and mercy. At Athens, when a new-born child was so feeble or so deformed that there was no probability of its living beyond the period of infancy; or of its being capable afterwards of maintaining its own existence; and if the parent was in such circum-

stances as rendered it impossible for him to give it maintenance; it was by a mistaken notion reckoned even humane in the parent to deprive it of that life which, so far from being a blessing, was held a misfortune. The Indians, in like manner, never put to death their old men, but when they were so far overcome by age and infirmity, as to be no longer able, without extreme pain, to endure the toil and difficulty of a long journey or hazardous enterprize. Though, therefore, from mistaken views, or the temporary dominion of other principles, actions of inhumanity seem sometimes to have been justified, we are not to affirm that there is no foundation for moral distinctions.

So also, it may be objected, that the standard of taste is by no means uniform. What is accounted deformed in one country is thought beautiful in another. The natives of New-Zealand seem to reckon a flat nose more elegant than one cast in a Grecian or Roman mould; and are solicitous to form the feature so as to suit the fashion. The inhabitants of Tanna, one of the New Hebrides, have the same predilection for long ears, that the New Zealanders have for flat noses. Times are recorded in the annals of literature, when affectation, bombast, false wit, and buffoonery, have been preferred to the simplicity and correct embellishment of elegant composition,

composition. The indecent and ill contrived dramas of the last century were in vogue, and *Paradise Lost* neglected. Hence it is asserted, that there is no standard of taste, no permanent distinction between what is called excellent or not excellent in the works of art or of nature; and that, in preferring one work, or one appearance to another, we are only guided by variable and accidental opinion.

The reply to this objection is of the same kind, and as satisfactory as the reply to the objection in ethics. Though the faculty of discerning beauty may for a time be misled by the occasional influence of other powers, we are not to conclude that it is utterly destroyed, or that it never existed. The sun may be involved in clouds, and not a single ray shall give intimation of his existence; yet we will not say that the sun's light is extinguished. He still continues to shine, though not upon us; and will break out again even upon us, and blaze with the brightest radiance. The circumstance which most commonly prevents the decisions of true taste, and obstructs its discernment, is custom, or more properly fashion. Men are so apt to surrender their judgments to the opinion of others whom they respect, in matters of great importance, that we need not be surprised to find them influenced by authority merely in matters of taste. Neither high shoulders, nor thickness of

speech, are in themselves graceful or becoming ; yet the courtiers of Alexander the Great affected to have high shoulders, because Alexander was somewhat deformed ; and the followers of Hotspur imitated his unbecoming utterance :

He was indeed the glaſs
Wherein the noble youths did dreſs themſelves.
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait :
And ſpeaking thick, which nature made his blemiſh,
Became the accents of the valiant :
For thoſe that could ſpeak ſlow and tardily
Would learn their own perfection to abuſe
To ſeem like him : ſo that, in ſpeech, in gait,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book
That faſhion'd others.

A favourite leader with a flat noſe might have rendered that form of feature fashionable in New Zealand, and a ſimilar circumſtance might have dictated the taſte for long ears among the natives of Tanna. False wit, ribaldry, and turgid compoſition were fashionable in the time of Charles the Second, that moſt ſhameful of all periods in the hiſtory of Britain, and were perhaps fashionable by the influence of the court. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the graces of elegant writing ſhould have been baniſhed. They were baniſhed along with decency, order, and good government ; but were ſoon after reſtored by William of Orange, by Pope and Addiſon.

Addison.—Although, therefore, there may be examples of false-taste among nations, yet when the advantages of education are equal, the deviations from the general rule are so few, that they affect not our position. In general, the same objects are accounted beautiful by all mankind, and the same sounds melodious. In general, among persons of real improvement, the poems of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, are preferred to Dursèy, and those passages of Seneca and Dryden which are accounted bombastical.

(To be continued.)

N^o VII.

IN CONTINUATION.

Habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam, inter se continentur. Cic.

THOSE philosophers, who deny that there is any difference between virtue and vice, have another objection as specious as the former. They observe that different persons, of minds equally improved, contemplating the same action, regard it in a very different manner; and that some are as prone to approve, as others are to treat it with censure. The action of Brutus in killing Cæsar, is an obvious and striking example. Persons of excellent understanding and unsuspected integrity, regard the conduct of that famous Roman with very opposite sentiments. Some extol him with the highest encomiums: others blame him with acrimonious invective. It is concluded, therefore, that there was nothing intrinsically good or bad in the conduct of Brutus: and to pronounce it either virtuous or vicious, is a matter of vague opinion.

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It is answered to this objection, that different persons considering the same action, may see it in very different lights. They judge, however, and pronounce concerning it, according to their conceptions, and its appearance to them. If they saw it in the same light their opinions would coincide. Nor have we any ground to affirm from their disagreement, that moral distinctions are ideal; unless we are able to shew, that the persons who furnish the experiment, view the conduct in question precisely in the same manner. In the instance of Brutus, the objects regarded by those who praise and by those who censure, though denominated by the same term, are yet totally different. The Brutus who is censured, is ungrateful, without affection, ambitious, weak, and inhuman. The Brutus who is applauded, is a patriot, devoted to the love of his country, resolute, and unmoved by any private or partial consideration. Now the Brutus who is blamed is surely different from the Brutus who is applauded. They agree only in name: they are in reality opposite. Were the encomiast convinced that Brutus was unworthy, he would change his praise into censure: and were his opponent to believe him worthy, he would become an encomiast. The objection, therefore, by no means opposes the general doctrine: for if
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the views of all men were alike in matters of morality, their sentiments would be the same. .

A similar objection and similar answer are stated against and in behalf of criticism. Persons of equal improvement, without prejudice or partiality, examining the same poem, the same picture, or the same statue, often judge of them in a very different and even opposite manner. From this, however, as in the moral illustration, we ought not to infer that no difference subsists between excellence and the want of excellence, so far as regards beauty and deformity in the works of art or of nature. Do those persons of similar pretensions, who judge so differently of the same performance, see it exactly in the same light, with the same features and colours, and in the same posture? Have they both an equally distinct conception of its parts and qualities? Or can we affirm that no peculiar association influences the one or the other, so as to bias his judgment almost without his knowledge? If the objector is not clear in his answer to these questions, his objection vanishes.

On the contrary, that the same object is seen differently, and in different attitudes, by different persons, is highly probable. Neither poetry nor painting, nor any of the imitative arts, afford pleasure, merely by the thoughts and images expressed

pressed or displayed by the artist or writer: but very often by the thoughts and images which they are enabled to suggest. This distinction between expressing and suggesting objects ought on the present subject to be particularly attended to. Our thoughts are expressed when they are all uttered, as fully as possible, by language and other corresponding signs. They are suggested, when only a few are expressed; but with such implication, and of such connexion with others not expressed, as that these last arise in the mind spontaneously, or by easy association. Masters in the imitative arts proceed in this manner: they deliver only a part of their thought, and leave the rest to be completed by the fancy of those to whom their works are addressed. Longinus, in a brilliant passage in his valuable fragment, has remarked this part of their conduct; and with suitable approbation. Here, however, there is room for difference. One person may have a much greater facility in tracing such association, or in catching such allusions, than another. Or the same person, at different times, may be in a favourable mood for such fanciful operation. But the pleasure we receive is according to the object suggested: so that when our imaginations cannot follow the artist, we cannot feel nor discern the whole of his excellence.

lence. Powerful imagination does not always imply an accurate and delicate taste: but taste cannot exist without some imagination.

The difference between the expression and suggestion of thoughts, may be illustrated by the following passage in Virgil:

Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,

Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ,

And see! from village tops the smoke ascend,

And falling shades from western hills extend.

These two lines give a picture of evening. It contains only two particulars, yet it suggests a delightful landscape. We have the recent smoke of the cottage: and fancy immediately supplies the return of the cottager; the busy housewife; and the blazing hearth:

Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ,

And falling shades from western hills extend.

Only the mountains and lengthened shadows are mentioned: but they suggest the splendour of a setting sun; a tranquil sky; the quiet and pensive shade of the valley.

The parallel may be prosecuted a little farther.—Though it be allowed that an original and immutable distinction subsists between virtue and vice; yet, according to the constitution

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or habits of different persons, they applaud different virtues and condemn different vices. Men of a robust structure and vigorous turn of mind, are chiefly delighted with great and heroic virtue; they consider the dangers and difficulties that arise from external circumstances as the test of merit; and extol fortitude, courage, and perseverance, as the highest of human exertions. Others again, of a softer complexion, and more inclined to the indulgence of amiable and kind affection, are captivated above every thing else with displays of gentleness, compassion, and mercy. The same thing happens in our judgments, and sentiments concerning elegant composition, and the works of elegant artists. One person is much captivated with the beauty of stile and language: another with sentiment and moral remark: the imagery that flows from a powerful imagination, is chiefly agreeable to those who are themselves endowed with inventive energies: and the tender display and expression of passion are solicited by readers of sensibility and sympathetic tenderness. The agony of the dying gladiator fixes the attention of many spectators, possessed both of taste and judgment; in preference to the grace of the Belvidere Apollo, or the beauty of the Medi-

cæan Venus.—The correspondence between our principles of taste, and those of moral approbation, illustrated in these particulars, seems to imply a very intimate and peculiar connection.

N^o VIII.

Quàm temerè in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam! Hog.

S I R,

YOU have well illustrated in your paper on self-deceit, that persons, conscious of one good or agreeable quality, take credit, on that account, for a number. They even extend it, as you justly observe, to the whole character; and think, because they may be praise-worthy in one particular, that they are excellent in all. This, no doubt, is a frequent cause of that self-imposition, so fatal to our improvement; and which exposes us so often to ridicule for small, and censure for great impropriety.

Reflecting on this subject, it does not occur to me, that we act in the same manner towards other persons, unless they be our particular favourites. The lover, indeed, discerning one perfection in the fair idol of his adoration, extends it to the whole both of her external and internal structure: and if she possesses a fair complexion, he also believes, and will swear it too, that she has admirable sense, even fine features and an elegant shape. The fond parent, finding that a favourite boy has a good memory, fancies also

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that he is so fully endowed with every other intellectual talent, that he shall one day be a chancellor or, at least, a bishop.

In general, however, and except when partiality founded on affection or vanity induces us to do sometimes to others as we always do to ourselves, our conduct is very different: and on considering the character of any one who is suggested to our notice for some valuable endowments, we observe and estimate his merits with a coolness that will not be surprised, and an exactness that will not be mistaken. Calculating the precise amount of his talents, we limit his pretension within accurate bounds; and behaving towards him with the strictest impartiality, we allow him no more merit than what he really deserves.

Pursuing this train of thought a little further, we may consider, how mankind, in the general conduct of life, act towards those in whom they perceive some *blemish*; and for whom they have no such partiality as shall lead them to palliate infirmity, or excuse imperfection. Will they calculate with exact precision, and restrain their *censure* to the real limits of the transgression, to the strict outline of the disagreeable or blameable quality? I am afraid many of mankind do the very reverse; and are more inclined to enlarge it than to contract: I am afraid too, that experience

ence will concur with observation, in assuring us, that we ourselves too often account the person who has committed one fault, or offended by one deviation from our notions of propriety, as altogether culpable and unworthy of any indulgence. Yet this propensity ought certainly to be corrected; else it will expose us to such false, capricious, and even malignant judgments concerning others as may not only be injurious to them but prejudicial in a high degree to ourselves. The virtue, both amiable and respectable, that saves us from such transgression; and enables us to judge of mankind in a favorable, liberal, and at the same time, equitable manner, is the virtue of candour.

Candour, according to an allegorical representation, is the daughter of discernment, the most intelligent of celestial genii: and of good-nature, the most amiable of celestial goddesses. She inherits, from her parents, corresponding endowments. By the power of discernment she is accurate and perspicacious. She received from him, when she was deputed by Providence to sojourn among men and promote their felicity, a mirror endowed with peculiar virtues; and which was incapable of being dimmed by the mists or exhalations of any passion or of any affection. Neither hope, nor fear, nor love, nor hatred, in any degree whatever, can soil its

brightness; or hinder it from representing the actions of men undistorted and undisguised. Influenced by the disposition imparted to her by good-nature, she employs it on all proper occasions; and presents it to those persons who listen to her suggestions, and are willing to profit by her advice. She is particularly hostile to Calumny and Detraction, the offspring of Envy and of Malice; who are employed by them in perverting mankind, and in setting them at variance with one another. Whenever she perceives the hearts of those whom she would protect contracting livid spots from the breath blown secretly from the pestilential lungs of their infernal Tempters, she presents her mirror, and with accents, rendered melodious by her mother's influence, entreats them to observe the objects of their aversion as they are truly and distinctly reflected. Some are so far corrupted by the poison they have inhaled, that they turn away immediately from the just representation: and then the fiends, that had hitherto assailed them secretly and by mysterious inticement, fix their fangs in their bosoms, and not only taint, but torment them. Those who listen to her admonition are instantly cured: their livid spots are expunged: Good-nature salutes them; introduces them to Love and Friendship; and shews them the land of Happiness. Hostile to malignity in every hideous shape of envy, hatred,

hatred, and vindictive resentment, she is no less hostile to suspicion, a cowardly and louring spirit, not so virulent as the former, but, like them, inimical to human enjoyment, and often employed by them as their fore-runner; that by her enfeebling and polluting influence she may impair, and render the hearts of those whom they would estrange from virtue susceptible of their foul operation. Need it be added, that of such parentage, so endowed and so occupied, the appearance of Candour is altogether engaging? Her snow-white vesture, and azure zone sparkling with scattered diamonds, are emblematic of purity, and immutable truth. United to the dignity of her demeanor, the piercing brightness of her eye and the authority that sits enthroned on her forehead, she has such openness of aspect, and a smile so serene, as impart immediate and unlimited confidence. Those who profit by her instruction, and especially her female favorites, receive as an instant reward, or as an earnest of higher enjoyment, an appearance somewhat similar, and, like her, engaging.

Hoping that this fair Divinity is well known to your readers, I am, Mr. Philanthrope, your obedient servant,

BENVOLIO.

THOUGH the stile and illustration in the following letter being different from the preceding; yet the design and subject being in a great measure the same; there is no impropriety in subjoining it:

S I R,

I WAS amused with your story of Apelles, But you might have given some instances in the masculine, as well as in the feminine gender. It is usual, however, with you masculine moralists, to fancy that women alone are vain and conceited. Yet you are much mistaken; for you will find as many men, who think, because they can throw themselves into one graceful attitude, that they resemble Apollo; as you will find women who, possessing one tolerable feature, imagine themselves in all other particulars as beautiful as Venus. I will even reverse the matter, and assure you, that you will find as many men as women, who allow no merit in a neighbour, if they discover a single flaw in his character; but extend the unfortunate speck till the whole appearance become unsightly. Nay more, I can exemplify my position, as you have done, with a story; and with a story, too, about a painter.

My painter indeed was not Apelles; but for all that, he was not without fancy and observation. Having read your story, it immediately occurred

occurred to him, that he might, in like manner, execute a picture of complete deformity. The deformity, however, was not to be absolutely monstrous or unnatural; but just such ugliness as may be often met with in fashionable company. He chose too, and you may assure yourself he had my approbation, that the deformity should be a male. But who were to sit for the picture? Or who were to have the good humour to let him borrow their thick lips, blear eyes, and wry noses? He, too, had his resources; and I gave him my assistance. Both he and I having a tolerable turn for taking miniature likenesses with two or three strokes of a pencil, and which we had improved by the good-natured exercise of caricature, we both set to work: so that with due diligence and sufficient secrecy, we had soon a very tolerable collection of odd features, absurd attitudes, awkward limbs, and uncouth postures. Often in the playhouse, sometimes in the opera, and perhaps in church, we have stolen chins, necks, and eyebrows. Our collection was soon complete; and the artist began the picture. Notwithstanding the subject, it was done *con amore*: and afforded us both very excellent pastime. The work being finished, there was no longer any occasion for secrecy. The news indeed flew like lightning: "Mr. Pallet had executed a picture of complete de-

“formity; and had copied from real life!” So every one hastened to admire the performance; and to see, not his own portrait, but that of a friend. Some looked at it through glasses; and some with their naked eyes; and all spied in it the precise resemblance of some intimate acquaintance, or worthy neighbour. “Mercy upon us,” cried Mento, “what hideous pair of ears! my friend Auricola for any wager!” He never observed that the hideous length of chin was taken from himself; and that nothing was taken from Auricola, who was otherwise very handsome, but his enormous ears. “I would really advise you, Mr. Pallet,” said Rubicundus, “not to shew this picture to Naso; he is very choleric; and will immediately perceive, that you have stolen the likeness from him.” But Naso had furnished nothing but a grotesque nose to the picture. The complexion, which exhibited

A second spring
Of roses taught by wine to bloom,

was borrowed from Rubicundus. “What a monster!” exclaimed Porcillus: “What a ludicrous shape! and what a mountain of shoulder! you did not venture surely, to shew it to Rubicundus.” But Rubicundus, excepting for his complexion, is well-favored, and regularly

gularly proportioned. I was almost wicked enough to have asked Porcillus, for I was present at the time, from whom he thought the painter had purloined the pig-eyes of the picture? Or whether the person who had supplied him with such pitiful luminaries, might not otherwise have good looks, and an agreeable figure? In short, as every female in Greece, who had any pretensions to beauty, though in a single line or feature, fancied herself the Apellean Venus; so every male of Mr. Pallet's acquaintance believes that his neighbour, who may have some one untoward look or unseemly lineament, has been pourtrayed in every particular in the picture of perfect deformity.—Having in this manner, given you a Rowland for your Oliver, I remain, Mr. Philanthrope, your obedient servant,

BEATRICE.

N° IX.

Nihil habet nec fortuna tua majus, quàm ut possis; nec natura tua melius, quàm ut velis conservare quàm plurimos.

Cic.

IN the narrative of some late voyages into the Pacific Ocean, mention is made of the surprizing familiarity of the wild birds in some of the newly discovered and uninhabited islands. In Massafuero they sat in their nests till they were taken alive. Unaccustomed to molestation, and unacquainted with mankind, they were not alarmed at their approach; they had no suspicion of ill design; and knew not that the wants or curiosity of the human species could be removed or gratified, by harming them. They soon learned a different lesson; and their erroneous confidence in the inoffensive nature of their invaders was fully corrected.

On this and some other occasions, I have regretted, that we live on such bad terms with so many living creatures, who, like ourselves, are the short-lived tenants of this little orb. Some indeed are so ferocious or so troublesome, that we are compelled, in self-defence, to destroy them; and others, no doubt, are necessary to our subsistence.

subsistence. For the scruples of those persons, and their number is not very great, who carry their humanity so far as not to eat of animal food, on account of the havoc which this practice occasions among innocent cows and sheep; and who would rather travel on foot than gall the harmless sides of a horse; are whimsical and ridiculous. At the same time, could mankind have all their necessities supplied, and all their lawful inclinations and appetites gratified, without living in a state of hostility with animals of a different kind, or making them suffer considerable hardship, the situation would be desirable. At any rate, we need not carry our depredation and violence to unnecessary lengths; nor can any thing be advanced to justify needless cruelty in our usage of the most noisome reptile, or of the meanest insect. It is particularly to be regretted, that on some occasions the war we wage with irrational animals proceeds not only from whim and caprice, but from principles of a more odious nature. A beautiful little bird with golden plumage lies unfortunately under the ill report, at least with the peasants in some parts of the country, of being akin to an evil spirit; and is therefore persecuted by many of the vulgar with all the rancour of superstition. Not its harmless look, elegant shape, or lively colours, can mitigate the rage of bigotry; nor is it to be doubted

that much actual transgression is supposed to be expiated by the death of a yellow-hammer. The account is scarcely balanced by the hospitable shelter sometimes allowed to swallows, or the civilities often shewn to the red-breast.

Even in our treatment of such animals as are condemned by our actual wants and necessities to hardship and destruction, we should do well to proceed with caution, lest some evil to ourselves, and of which we are not sufficiently aware, may be the consequence. Let us fairly set down their necessary sufferings and destruction to the exigencies of our own situation. Let us also remember, that more happiness has been diffused through the world by the transient existence of those animals, that minister by their death, or the hardships they undergo, to our ease and welfare, than if they had never existed: that though in “ corporal suffering, the meanest insect we tread upon feels a pang as great, as when a giant dies;” yet the death of irrational animals is not embittered with the fears or disappointed hopes that afflict mankind: and lastly, that they are the less entitled to compassion, that they seem to know no compassion. The trout, that was deceived by an artificial fly, intended the destruction of a real one; and the lamb, whose innocent blood we bewail, had devoured myriads
of

of those insects no less innocent that burrowed in the tender blade*.

But if we say, “their pains are not to be regarded; they are altogether different from mankind; and therefore their sufferings have no claim to attention:” if this be our sentiment, we speak at random; we are not aware of the evil that may thence ensue to ourselves; nor of the injury done to our own humanity. Every being, that is capable of feeling pain, is entitled to our compassion; and, if possible, to our protection. If we make difference of kind an excuse for inhumanity, we run some hazard of contracting the circle of our benevolence; and of suffering difference of condition to influence us like that of kind: If we say quadrupeds are less entitled to clemency, or ought to have less of the happiness they are fitted to enjoy, than rational bipeds; we may in time be induced to believe, that he who lives in a hovel, and earns his livelihood by daily labour, is less entitled to the lawful indulgence of his desires, than he who dwells in a palace, and is nourished with dainty fare. We may conceive them, in structure and constitution, to be altogether different. The unrelenting Spaniard endeavoured to palliate his

* Helvetius.

barbarity

barbarity to the Indians of Mexico and Peru, by saying they were not of the human race, but a species of monkey. When the ferocious slave-master in the West Indies, for some, though not many of them incur that reproach, cruelly scourges his unfortunate negroes; "they are not men," he says, "they are black." Even the civilized and high-minded citizen of ancient Rome, no less inhuman to his slaves than an avaricious Spaniard or savage slave-master, treated them as if their nature were much inferior to his own; and considering them as so completely degraded as to have no sexual distinction, he often denoted and spoke of them by a term of the neuter gender*. "Cela s'amuse" said a juvenile French Marquis, in the days of French Marquises, moved with similar arrogance; mixed, as it seemed to me, with a little envy; "cela s'amuse" said he with affected disdain, as he observed the holiday merriment of some sprightly peasants in the neighbourhood of Amiens. A Carthaginian, we are told by an ancient writer, having caught a lion's whelp, tamed, and so conquered its lofty spirit, as to make it, when full grown, to carry burdens along the streets of Carthage, like an ass. But the

* Servitium.

rulers of the state, moved with indignation at seeing a noble animal so vilely degraded, punished its owner with death. The punishment was, no doubt, excessive; yet it was alleged in justification of the sentence, “ that he who, in a community of freemen, had so little discernment of real excellence, or was so incapable of feeling the dignity of a superior character; would in like manner, if he had opportunity, control his brethren, and enthrall his country*.”

Though I cannot say, with strict propriety, that the bounty of Mr. — to the multitude of sea-fowl which he feeds, is philanthropical; yet it certainly improves his humanity: I am indeed persuaded, that his goodness to the feathered tribes that partake of his beneficence, renders him more charitable to the needy, and more generous to the deserving. His house is by the sea-side; and his menagerie in an adjoining peninsula. A curlew compelled by hunger, during the severity of a frosty winter, happened to join his poultry at one of their daily meals, and partook of their entertainment. His visit was unmolested; and he returned accompanied with some companions, who were equally well-received. The tidings, if I may be allowed the ex-

* Maximus Tyrius.

pression,

pression, flew abroad, and in a short time, the number of visitants, visitants too of different tribes and families, was encreased. Their good-natured host was not a little delighted; and ordered their daily repast to be given at a certain hour, and to be announced by the sound of a horn; so that when the signal was heard, the flutter of wings, and the screamings of impatient joy, while the company flocked together from their rocks and promontories, was truly amusing. After the banquet, the satisfied guests without fear or molestation, flew away to their different haunts and retreats. Though this sort of attendance was, no doubt, whimsical; yet in the worthy person who, having witnessed the transaction, assured me of the fact, it produced some very pleasing sensations. The benefactor seemed like the vicegerent of Heaven upon earth, giving food to the hungry, and imparting relief, from the abundance of his well deserved stores, to the needy. Nor have I any doubt, but that his charitable and liberal dispositions to his brethren of mankind must have been improved and enlarged by this odd sort of hospitality; for a good, as well as an evil propensity acquires force by indulgence.

In like manner the Duke of — had a favorite horse. He grew old and unfit for service.

“ He

“ He must be sold,” said a prudent groom.
“ He shall not be sold,” said his Grace; “ but
“ shall live all the rest of his days, in that stable
“ and in that enclosure;” pointing to a stable
and park which he had set apart for the recep-
tion of such worthy and superannuated veterans.
The groom grew old and unfit for service. “ He
“ must be dismissed,” said a sagacious steward.
“ He shall not be dismissed,” said his Grace;
“ nor you either, when you grow stiff and hoary.
“ Shall I protect the old-age of a deserving horse,
“ and not provide for the infirmities of a
“ deserving servant?” He has accordingly a
number of neat cottages on the side of a pleasant
field which serves them as a sort of common.
Every cottage, with its adjoining garden, has a
male or female inhabitant; and every inhabitant
has a suitable annuity. They are invited occasi-
onally to the mansion-house; when any prosper-
ous event in the family, such as a birth or mar-
riage, justifies uncommon festivity; and occupy-
ing such seats as suited their former situation
either in the steward’s room, or in the servant’s
hall, their cheerfulness proves an incitement to
the care and integrity of their successors.
Churlish must that person be, who sees them
walking around their field in a summer evening,
talking about the events that happened long ago

at the castle, and "what a sprightly, good-humoured boy their master was when at school
"or college;" very churlish must he be who disdains, or does not enter into, their joy.

N^o X.

Hæc est

Ærugo mera.

HOR.

ALTHOUGH a Philanthropical state of mind, or in other words, a disposition to indulge in social feeling, and give encouragement to kind affection, be certainly very pleasing, and on many occasions delightful; yet the duty of the Philanthrope, who would instruct his brethren, is not always agreeable. He must himself contemplate, and must delineate to others, many views of human conduct, that have no other effect, than to excite sentiments of aversion, of hatred, and of disgust. Having to caution the unwary against pretended merit, and to unveil the features of disguised depravity, he must be vigilant in observing, accurate in distinguishing, and bold in detecting the lamentable mixture of vileness that is often blended in the same character with most excellent qualities; and which may in time not only taint but corrupt them. It is with pain, for instance, that he discovers, as it is with reluctance that he displays, some pestilential blights and inauspicious shades in the character

of the shrewd, the sensible, the good-humoured, and kind Placidio.

Placidio affects to have no information, and to seek none, about the misconduct of an intimate acquaintance, who may have incurred some reproach. Yet he goes where the affair is likely to be spoken of; listens attentively, not seeming, however, to do so, while it is mentioned; pretends not to believe it: and this has the additional effect of eliciting more circumstances from the narrator, in the way of corroborating or of rendering the story probable. If the subject is not likely to be introduced, he suggests something apparently different; but which in the train of thought may be connected indirectly with what he wishes to hear related. Having heard the whole, he speaks, and looks significantly, but ambiguously; and leaves himself perfectly free to say on any future occasion, that he either credited or discredited, approved or disapproved of the information. Yet Placidio, with a great deal of sagacity, is also reckoned a good-tempered man.

Placidio can listen to the praises of a person whom he dislikes, or of whom he is jealous. But though impatient of the subject, he does not directly oppose the panygeric. Yet he treats it slightly or indifferently, and is very fond on such occasions of flurring it over, or of
changing

changing the topic by some such remark; as, "Who doubts it?" or, "all that is very well known:" or, "that is nothing but what every one expects:" or, "it is rather surprising, considering the person's high reputation, that his merits," on the particular occasion alluded to, "should not be greater."

Placidio, with great commiseration, is sure to inform the person he dislikes, or of whom he is jealous, concerning any censorious remark or observation to his disadvantage. "He knows that his friend undervalues such things; but since they are said, it is proper that he should know them. It is a pity," continues he, "that they are said:" and though they deserve no notice; yet he is sure to speak of them; and, as far as he can, to give them currency. Or, with a great shew of candor and sincerity, "he thinks, upon the whole, that it is highly proper his friend should be fully apprized and certified that the matter was in circulation. Nay, he is really not sorry for it, as it may tend to correct some improprieties, to which he really must confess his friend is a little liable." Or with apparent good-humour, he gives the tale circulation by laughing at it, or by treating it, as an "excellent joke."

Placidio can endure the high reputation of a rival or an opponent with much seeming patience and unconcern. But if the rival stumble, or make a false step, or forfeit some opinion, it is then that he indulges his animosity. Still, however, he proceeds with caution. His steady and determined hatred is not displayed with violence, or expressed with impetuosity. He watches a long time for the opportunity of carrying along with him the public, or some respectable opinion; he then infixes the cruel fang, and then infuses the deadly poison. If ever his disguised, but latent passions appear, it is on such occasions; nor can he very easily suppress the exultation he feels, on contrasting in his own mind the esteem in which he conceives himself to be held, with the degradation of his opponent. Yet Placidio is a popular character, and is reckoned a good-tempered man.

Towards his rivals or opponents he is also very fond of employing a well known species of illiberal irony; and occasionally tells them, with a shew of perfect good-humour, and with perfect ease and complacency, "Sir, a man of your opulence;" or "a man of your genius;" or, "of your extensive knowledge;" or, "of your connections, and interest with the great." By this sort of invidious remark, which he sets off

off as mere banter and raillery, he brings as much into view as possible the vanity or ostentation which he would have annexed to such characters as he would vilify. Thus too, he most easily and most smilingly endeavours to destroy any inclination that other persons might have to promote their fame or their fortune. He exposes them also to that sort of envy or disgust which men are too apt to feel towards those who seem very desirous of rising rapidly above their equals. Still further, if they meet with misfortune he is at pains to represent it as much less than it is; and so of preventing them from becoming objects of too much attention or commiseration, for such sentiments are not very remote from esteem and attachment. Nay, affecting regard for them, he would have it believed, that they complain a great deal more than is needful, and for the sole purpose of enticing kindnesses from their friends. "No one," says he, "knows such or such a person better than I do, or has a greater regard for him; but I really know that his situation is not nearly so bad as he would have it appear." The same affectation of intimacy with the person he wishes to lessen, gives weight also to any remark, which with counterfeited reluctance and hesitation he would make to their disadvantage.

If the honest, well-meaning, but violent impetuous has occasion to express disapprobation against other persons, or make observations unfavorable to their character or conduct, either in their presence or in their absence, he does it almost in a rage. He is so moved and agitated, that the symptoms of his displeasure affect his tones and his looks. Thus his remark makes no impression or no such impression as he intends. Placidio on the other hand, makes observations equally severe and virulent, but with so much composure and self-possession, that virulent though they be, they seem the result of the most perfect good-humour. Conveying the most poignant sarcasm, it seems a pleasantry, an effusion of gaiety, and meaning no sort of harm. He seems desirous by expressing it, of only exciting a laugh; but those who receive the intended impression, and who are not aware of Placidio's intention, reflecting on the matter afterwards, feel all the dislike and aversion which he intends to excite.

With all this, Placidio is a popular character, and excepting for the blemishes now illustrated, he is entitled to be so. Steady in his hatred of a rival or an opponent, dexterous in detraction, and not averse to encourage it even against persons who have not offended him, having great command of temper, and uncommon ability in
suppressing

suppreſſing every ſign of diſpleaſure or vexation, even when his feelings are fiercely rankled, being beſides very aſſiduous in pleaſing and careſſing his friends, he ſteals into favor and partiality; and withal, exhibits a moſt ſtriking example, in thoſe inſtances where he chuſes to perſecute, of good-humoured malignity.

N^o XI.*Causa periculi non crimen ullum.*

TAC.

MR. EDEN of Wildrose-hall had made his fortune in India. A very short time before his return to England, having seen at Calcutta an amiable and beautiful young Lady, the cousin and companion of Lady Alwin, the wife of Colonel Alwin; and never considering her small or no dowry as any objection, he asked, and received her hand. He regarded her beauty, amiable dispositions, and elegant accomplishments as sufficient dowry; nor was he disappointed in his choice, for she was as deserving as she was fair. On his return to Britain, he purchased a fine house and extensive park in the western part of Essex; and having nothing wherewithal to accuse himself during his residence in the East, and being therefore as easy in mind as in external circumstances, he flattered himself with the prospect of happiness.

One dark autumnal evening, soon after he had taken possession of his villa, while sitting in his parlour during a dreadful storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, a post-chaise drove up to his

his door; and a servant informed him, that an old gentleman, wished for permission to pass the night in his house. He learned too, that the stranger was just come from the Continent; that he was on his way from Colchester to London; that the driver, not well acquainted with the country, and confounded with the violence of the tempest, had mistaken the lane that led to Wildrose-hall for the road to Rumford; and that the gentleman was so very ill, that he could not venture to go even as far as the nearest inn. It is needless to say, that he was received with the kindest welcome. For, besides that Mr. Eden's humanity would have so inclined him; there was something particularly interesting in the gray hair, dignified courage, open countenance, and dejected air of the stranger. He remained some days at the hall till he somewhat recovered, and in that time the prepossessions of Eden in his behalf grew into strong attachment.

“ I have been indeed unfortunate,” said the old gentleman, giving some account of himself as soon as his strength permitted him; “ and I
“ know not that my misfortunes are at an end.
“ I was happily established in the early part of
“ my life as a Physician in the North of Eng-
“ land. By the death of a maternal uncle in
“ the island of Antigua, and whose name I was
“ by

“ by his will appointed to assume, I succeeded
“ to a considerable fortune. It was necessary,
“ however, that I should go thither to receive
“ the investiture and possession of his property
“ and estates. The vessel in which I sailed was
“ seized by a Moorish Pirate; was carried to
“ Barbary; and I was never heard of I believe,
“ by my friends: for the governor of Mogadore
“ learning my profession, sent me immediately,
“ to Fez, to render what assistance I could to
“ the Emperor of Morocco, who was at that
“ time afflicted with a dangerous malady. I
“ was willing, from every consideration, to
“ give him all the aid in my power; and hoped
“ that if I was successful, my freedom might be
“ the price of my services. But I was cruelly
“ disappointed. My success in restoring the
“ Emperor to health, made him conceive me so
“ necessary to his welfare, that he would not
“ suffer me to depart: so that observing my
“ impatience, he allowed me to have no com-
“ munication with any person whatever, who
“ could give notice of my situation to any of the
“ British Consuls. In all other respects I must
“ do him the justice of acknowledging, that I was
“ treated with the utmost kindness, and lived
“ even in a state of barbarous luxury. After
“ the Emperor’s death, my situation for some
“ time

“ time underwent no change, for his successor
“ considered me as no less necessary to himself
“ than I had been to his father. At length,
“ however, my melancholy was growing into
“ despondency; I had been eighteen years in a
“ state of captivity; my health was visibly im-
“ paired, and the young Emperor, with an hu-
“ manity which I must commend, consented to
“ my departure. Nor did he part with me
“ without expressions of friendship; and an am-
“ ple compensation, not for the bondage I had
“ endured, but for the services I had rendered
“ him. I returned by Italy and Germany, on
“ account of the troubles in France; and com-
“ ing from Hamburgh to Colchester, I am not
“ more afflicted with fatigue and weakness,
“ than with anxiety to receive intelligence of
“ my family, which consisted at the time I left
“ them, of a wife, and infant of three years old.
“ If they survive, I may yet be happy: I left
“ them in easy circumstances, and to the care
“ of an affectionate friend. But if they survive
“ not!” he sighed, and his voice faltered, “ if
“ they survive not! would to Heaven that I
“ also were dead! or had never returned!”

Eden's sympathy, and desire of affording him relief, need not be doubted. He inquired by what address he might procure him, the import-
ant

ant information he so anxiously wished for. "I have already written," said he, "from Colchester, and have also written from this place. "I persuade myself that, in the space of a day, or "few hours, I shall be certified of my happiness, or utter misery. I was Dr. Clement in "the city of Leeds."—"Merciful Heaven!" interrupted Eden. "Dr. Clement of Leeds! my "friend, my deliverer, and my protector!" he fell on his neck and embraced him. The stranger was overwhelmed with amazement. "And have you forgot me?" cried Eden; "the poor boy whom you saved from ignominious punishment; received into your family, "educated and sent abroad?"—"Frank!" said the venerable old man, scarcely able to speak for tears; "Frank, whom I sent to school?" "The "same, the same," said Eden; "poor Frank "Eden! whom you saved and protected; who "am now, by the blessing of Heaven, in "wealth and esteem: and glad, beyond the "power of expression, at now meeting, and "under my own roof, with my kind benefactor."

Francis Eden, had been a poor man's son. His parents having died while he was yet an infant; and being left to the care of a distant relation, it need not be a matter of surprize, if at ten years old his education should have been neglected,

neglected, and his habits unpromising. In fact, he had been carried before a magistrate for attempting to take some fruit from a gentleman's garden. The poor orphan was to have been punished and sent to the workhouse. Dr. Clement was present. Moved by his ingenuous appearance, by his tears and helpless condition, he interposed; took him home to his house; found him worthy of his attention; had him educated; and recommended him to a merchant in London. By him, being found deserving, he was sent out to India; where by the most able, upright, and honorable conduct, he realized such a sum as enabled him to return with splendor.

But neither splendor of outward circumstances, nor high reputation, nor even the consciousness of virtue, had been able to secure his felicity. His friend perceived it. Sitting under a walnut-tree in the shrubbery adjoining to the house, while they expected the return of Dr. Clement's dispatches, "You seem thoughtful," said he to Eden; "too thoughtful for the happiness of your condition." Eden looked at him with some surprize; sighed; fixed his eyes on the ground: "You have observed it then?" he said. "Indeed, my friend, I am afraid I am not happy. And to you, I will use no reserve.

" Yet

“ Yet I cannot express the cause; it is so
“ strange; so unexpected; but so sufficient to
“ spoil my peace. My wife”—and then he
paused; was unable to speak.—Clement gazed
with amazement. He was also terrified. Hi-
deous images possessed his fancy. He was
afraid and loth to make any inquiry. He had
thought the wife of his friend in all respects ex-
cellent. She was indeed reserved; and had
something dejected in her appearance. But she
was withal so correct in her deportment, so re-
spectful to her husband, so attentive to his
friend.—“ It is impossible! she must be good!”
he thus rallied his recollection; banished suspi-
cion; was ashamed of his fears; and with some
indignation, not against Eden, but against him-
self, “ is she not excellent?” he exclaimed.
“ Most excellent!” replied his friend, “ most
“ lovely! most engaging! blameless as an angel
“ of light! and yet I fear”—and he groaned
with anguish.—“ I fear I am not her choice.”
His friend, in the kindest and most affectionate
manner, wished for more information.

“ Her delicacy of mind,” said Eden, “ is in-
“ deed most afflicting. She had no fortune;
“ was understood to be of respectful parentage;
“ had been entitled to high expectation; had
“ lost her parents; and had become dependent.

“ Satisfied

“ Satisfied in every respect concerning her sentiments and her deportment; penetrated with her beauty and her accomplishments; and observing how much it pained her to expatiate on the circumstances of her early life, I have hitherto, as we have not been long united, refrained from being very minute in my inquiry into particulars: the more so, that on all such occasions, she seems to feel herself more indebted to me than perhaps her own feelings, and I am sure more than mine, can endure. This indeed is the source of my suffering. She appears to have continually in her thoughts, that I have raised her to opulence from a state of dependence. She does not set sufficient value on her deserts; and is too deeply impressed with the sense of great obligation. She respects me indeed too much; is grateful, but does not love. Her love is lost in excessive gratitude: What can I do? All my endeavours to make her easy, all my desires of pleasing, give additional weight to the kindness that has oppressed her. I almost despair of meeting in her with that friendship and affection which can subsist between those persons only who think themselves somewhat equal.

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“ And

“ And if so, such is my disposition, that our
“ connection cannot be happy.”—“ Have you
“ ever,” said Clement, with great anxiety,
“ have you ever spoken to her on this very in-
“ teresting and important subject?”

“ Mrs. Alwin,” answered Eden, “ has done
“ so; not however, as at my suggestion; but in
“ consequence, as it were, of their mutual
“ attachment; and has received from her the
“ most ingenuous, yet painful confession of her
“ infirmity. She tells her, that feeling high
“ obligation, she cannot view me on such a
“ footing of equality as would justify the free-
“ dom, ease, and familiarity which I so sin-
“ cerely desire.”—“ Has she any other rela-
“ tion,” said Clement, “ than the family of
“ Mrs. Alwin?”—“ I know not that she has,”
answered Eden. “ Her father, whose name
“ was Fitzalleyn, had some property in this
“ country; but much more in one, I know not
“ which, of our American islands. While yet
“ an infant she lost her mother; and her father,
“ for some reason that I never knew, or do not
“ remember, had before that time gone abroad,
“ and has never been heard of. Meantime her
“ estate in the West Indies has been so much
“ embezzled, or so unproductive, that it has
“ served

“ served her in little stead; and those persons
“ who had charge of what property she had at
“ home, having become bankrupt, she fell into
“ those circumstances which are as painful to
“ remember as to endure. The only person
“ who shewed her any friendship was Mrs.
“ Alwin, who treated her indeed as a sister, and
“ whom she accompanied to Calcutta.”

Clement seemed to give slight attention to the concluding part of the narrative. He was lost in the deepest abstraction; he groaned; struck his hand on his forehead; and his bosom heaved with extreme agitation. Eden observing, asked “ if he was indisposed?” He did not answer; did not seem to have heard him; rose from his seat; and walked about in extreme perturbation. Then turning abruptly, “ I must see Mrs. Eden.” “ She shall wait upon you,” said Eden, tenderly, but with astonishment. “ She is my daughter,” exclaimed the stranger. “ Has not that occurred to you? But no! I must not say so. Alas! I may be mistaken. Yet I, on leaving England, took the name of Fitzalleyn; left my daughter an infant; was never heard of! Her mother dead!” So saying he fell back, on the seat, and found relief in a flood of tears. The state of Eden’s feelings defy words and description.

His astonishment, however, some transient doubts, and some fears soon rebuked by his hopes, and his hopes themselves were instantly absorbed in all the ravishment of expectation. The dear object of his faithful and most tender regard must be the child of his earliest friend, of his deliverer, of his protector! She was now to feel herself on that footing of equality, which, in the extreme, and somewhat blameable delicacy of her sentiments, she held essential to the ease and confidence of mutual love. If any obligation remained, he was to be the person obliged. He assured his friend "that it must be so; and as far as youth could resemble age, that his daughter resembled him; and urged him therefore to give immediate intimation to his dear Matilda."—"Matilda was the name of my child," said Clement, now recovered from agitation, and in a tone of acquiescing complacency. "But still there may be some mistake; and the consequences of disappointment in a matter so intimately interesting to us both, and to your dear Matilda, might be unspeakably fatal. The probabilities are as you say; but we must not yield to them rashly."

A servant

A servant now announced to them the arrival of Mrs. Alwin. Her father was one of the persons to whom Clement, who was his kinsman, and not knowing that he was the father of Mrs. Alwin, had addressed himself for information. He sent, by his daughter, who flew on the wings of friendship, the very joyful intelligence, which Eden and his honored benefactor had already, the one with eagerness, and the other with caution, ventured in some degree to anticipate. Yet the joy of Clement, while he blessed his affectionate child was mingled with sad remembrance, and with the tender recollection of her amiable mother. Time, however, and the consolation he now received, restored him to becoming composure; beams of the gentlest serenity shone on his hoary locks; for his children continued virtuous; and were rewarded with as much enjoyment as virtue can here expect.

WHATSOEVER opinion may be formed of the preceding story, which is founded on facts, and whatsoever sentiments it may tend to excite, I persuade myself that one reflection in particular will arise unsuggested in the breasts of my philanthropical friends; for they will reflect with pleasure, that the indulgence of a philanthro-

pical temper, and the performance of benevolent actions, may produce effects so beneficial, as to mock calculation; and in ways beyond the reach of conjecture; and at times when expectation is dead.

N^o XII.

Condimentum amicitiae haudquaquam mediocre suavis ser-
monum atque morum. Cic.

MR. PHILANTHROPE,

I AM quite vexed and chagreened. My sister is certainly a very good girl. She is amiable, accomplished, very intelligent indeed, and very much esteemed. I believe too, that her affection to me is both sincere and tender. I know she loves me; yet she has vexed and cut me to the very heart. I have several times meant and endeavoured to complain. But the moment I begin, she prevents me. She either laughs, but in the kindest manner, at my attempted remonstrance; or says something so very affectionate, that I am unable to proceed. The treatment too which distresses me is indeed of such a sort, as makes it very difficult for me to state or even to speak about it.

My sister and I, though I am but twenty, and she not a great deal older, keep house together. We lost both our parents about eighteen months ago; and having no very near relations; and having been left in very easy circum-

stances, and my sister being reckoned very sensible indeed, our friends were of opinion, that we ought not to separate, or to live otherwise than we had done during the lives of our dear father and mother. This step was so much the more advisable, that our education had been very correct and that my poor mother having lingered long in the fatal distemper that deprived us of her good example, my sister and I had for some time taken charge of the family. Nor have we had any reason to repent of our determination. We live quietly; have the good fortune to be well liked by some respectable friends and distant relations, in whose houses we often visit, and who are sometimes with us; and who are very kind in carrying us as often as we chuse, which however is not very often, to the play or the opera. Our time when we are by ourselves is employed in reading, drawing, music, or needle-work, but chiefly reading. So that you would think it impossible for two young persons, in our situation, to live more happily; and upon the whole, we do live happily, but for one little circumstance which I am going to tell you.

My sister, as I have already mentioned, is reckoned very sensible and well-informed. I am sure I have always thought so; and have always behaved

behaved to her, not only with affection, but with the utmost deference and respect. I do every thing she desires me, and agree with all her opinions. Why then does she treat me, I am sorry to say it, on many occasions, too much as her inferior? She regards me too often, I will not say with contempt but with a certain fastidiousness, or superciliousness of manner, that is altogether vexatious. If I venture to give an opinion on any general subject, or to say any thing about what we have been reading, she immediately interposes; and either contradicts me, or is so assiduous to correct my mistakes, that she expresses the whole matter herself. What seems to me very extraordinary is, that she never does so when we are by ourselves; but listens to me with the utmost attention; and sets me right, if I fall into any mistake, with the utmost kindness. Before company, however, the matter is sadly different. It is always, "Dear sister, how can you say so?" and, "How strangely the girl chatters!" and "Pray, Wilhelmena, why will you speak of matters you know nothing about?" and, "People should be acquainted with the subjects about which they venture to give an opinion." In short, Sir, I shall very soon scarcely venture to speak.

To be sure she was very right in correcting my inaccuracy, the other night, at Lady Ridley's, when talking about Mrs. Siddons, I mentioned inadvertently *Congreve's* Isabella. Yet even this she might have done, without drawing the attention of the whole company to my mistake. At any rate, when I was giving an account of Lady Lambert's ball, at which I was present, there was no occasion why she, who was not present, should interrupt me with a "Nay, child, you must be mistaken in the circumstance of the servant's spilling the lemonade on Miss Gayley's pink sattin petticoat; for it was not a servant, but young Mr. Westley." And so on with the whole story, "as from the best authority," without allowing me to say a single syllable. I was really a good deal abashed; and I own I thought the company were not altogether pleased with her interruption; for when she had ended, my cousin Colonel Edwards asked me with an air of great indulgence and complaisance, "If that was my account of the matter?" But, Sir, although my sister had not been very accurate, I made no sort of remark, but said, suppressing the little uneasiness I felt as much as possible, that "so far as I recollected, the account they had heard was very just."

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But,

But, Sir, the accident that happened last night at Lady Ebryn's has somehow fluttered and given me more uneasiness than any other. Lord Ebryn, her Ladyship's eldest son, who, by the way, has shewn particular attentions both to my sister and me; and I am sure I think my sister would be very happy in an union with a young man of so much merit and so universally liked.—Lord Ebryn, as I was saying, having been last summer in Scotland, was describing the apartment in Holyrood-house that had been occupied by Mary Queen of Scots; and I happening to remark that it was very barbarous in Darnly to have David Rizzio put to death in her presence; my sister immediately interrupted me, and told me how idly I talked, for that “Rizzio was not killed in presence of the Queen, but was first dragged into an anti-chamber.” The interruption was so very unexpected; and Lord Ebryn looked at me with so much pity, no doubt on account of my ignorance, that contrary to my usual conduct, I presumed to reply; and said, “that perhaps it might be so, but that I thought historians were not altogether agreed on the subject.” She instantly answered, “It was impossible there could be any difference of opinion; for that Lady Sewell, who had also been very lately
“ in

“ in Scotland, had seen, with her own eyes
“ the bloody stain that yet remained in the
“ floor of the anti-chamber;” and asked Lord
Ebryn, “ if it was not so?” He answered,
though indeed with some coldness, that “ cer-
“ tainly such a stain was shewn;” and then
my sister, I am afraid somewhat sarcastically,
though with apparent good-humour, rejoined;
“ You are better acquainted, my dear sister,
“ with Harriot Byron than with Queen Mary,
“ with the plan of Grandison-hall than with
“ the palace of Holyrood-house.” Nothing
could be more vexatious. I had almost cried;
for indeed, Sir, I am not addicted to novel-
reading; and it was cruel to insinuate such
a thing before Lord Ebryn, or rather before
Lady Ebryn, of whose favorable opinion I am
very ambitious.

Pray, Sir, write a paper on friendship;
and shew, that circumstances of neglect or
ill-treatment, which seem trifling, and are
not, perhaps, in themselves, of great import-
ance, have a tendency very often to impair
the kindest and best attachments.

I am,

Your obedient servant,

WILHELMENA WISELY.

N° XIII.

Qui exemplo aliis esse debetis, aliorum exemplo peccetis
potius quàm alii vestro recte faciant. LIV.

“MAN,” in the words of Aristotle, “is an imitative animal;” but some men are more imitative than others. In Scaurus there is a boldness, an impetuosity, and eccentric vehemence, that render him impatient of restraint, and incapable of fashioning his conduct even according to such models as he approves. He deviates from every track. Desultory and keen, he is therefore original. Emilius is a waxen figure, pliant, and susceptible of every impression. He strives, but is not always successful, to exhibit the manner, and speak the language of every one, who has happened to please him. Gentle, ductile, and complaisant, he cannot help being an imitator.

Some other distinctions deserve attention. All originals are not, like Scaurus, keen and impetuous. Some are cool, dispassionate, and determined; have great firmness and strength of mind; and therefore think and act for themselves. Neither are all imitators soft and gentle.

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They are sometimes of athletic form and stentorian voice; seemingly abhorrent of every thing feeble or effeminate. But harsh and unconciliating though they be, they may often be detected in the most servile imitation; the very shadows of shadows. Such disproportion we may often observe between the outward and inward man.

Nor is it always an indication of genius, that a man is no imitator. Lucius has no pretensions to original thinking; yet he acts according to his own views; or, to speak more properly, according to his humours. He is the creature of indolence and of appetite. Very good-natured, very slothful, and very careless of fame, he never considers how the conduct of others would suit himself. He may be pleased with the fashion of a coat, or the colour of a stocking; but he never imagines the coat on his own back, or the stocking on his own leg; and so forms no conclusion concerning their fitness or unfitness to his own look or appearance. No man imitates who has not some desire after fame; he sees a conduct which he thinks becoming; he conceives that with the same appearance he would be equally becoming; and so assumes the appearance.

Nor

Nor does a propension to imitate always indicate defect of genius. The man of original genius may often feel very strongly the qualities that please him in other men; he admires and applauds them. He wishes also to be admired and applauded. He would be so, if he followed the bias of his own nature. But he is diffident; he will rather try to excel by what is acknowledged to be excellent, than venture into untrodden paths. This is often the case with men of inventive talents. They are easily moved; and of consequence, as they see many circumstances of delicacy that are not obvious to others, they are easily abashed. Possessing lively imagination and quick sensibility, their imagination is often controlled by a timid anxiety that leads to irresolution. Or they imitate because their feelings are so totally agitated by the pleasure they receive from the conduct they applaud, and their attention so fixed upon it, that during the time they are moved they can think of no other method of acting. We may readily suppose, to borrow a literary illustration, that in this manner, the sensibilities and even fancy of Virgil, rendered him, on many occasions, a very close, too close an imitator of Homer.

Imitative

Imitative as we are, it is of the utmost consequence that we follow excellent and proper models. Nor is it sufficient that we be well ascertained concerning what may in a general view be expedient or inexpedient to imitate; but particularly, concerning what may be suitable or unsuitable to our own situation and character. The manners of a soldier may be very good for a soldier; but all that may be becoming or excusable in him would not be so in a clergyman. The manners of a man so constituted, as that the more dignified or masculine virtues are most congenial to him, would be somewhat improper in a person less masculine, and to whom softer qualities and more obsequious virtues are most congenial. To imitate with advantage we must not only know what imitable qualities are good in themselves; but what would be suitable to our character and condition.

It is generally supposed, that men imitate according to their original turn of mind. This often happens. But it also happens, that men mistake themselves, and fancy that a certain system of conduct becomes them, when the case is so entirely the reverse, that it is pronounced, by every impartial spectator to be altogether incongruous. Leander is of this description.

scription. He has admirable talents, a lively sense of what is excellent, and a strong desire to excel. He might easily excel by following the suggestions of his own understanding, and the impulse of his own dispositions: but he is liable to a certain delicate timidity and susceptibility of impression that have rendered him an imitator. Unfortunately too, his discernment of excellence in others, and his desire of excelling, anticipated his discernment of himself; so that, in his imitations, he has followed unsuitable models. Perhaps too, the earliest examples of distinguished merit presented to his consideration, were different from that sort of merit of which his own nature was most susceptible. Of an humane, tender, and affectionate disposition, and possessing talents more akin to taste than to genius, and more akin also to powers of fanciful invention than of abstract reasoning; he followed a different track. He saw persons of firm and manly virtue, endowed with great vigour and strength of mind, displaying, or seeming to display, much judgment and understanding. He accordingly chose to be distinguished by a similar degree of force and intellect. Instead of yielding to his natural love of society, and of indulging his inherent benignity,

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he affects taciturnity, and assumes stateliness of demeanor. Unfortunately when a character is assumed that is not natural, it is often strained to excess; so that the affected reserve of the humane and good-natured Leander passes sometimes for moroseness. His mistakes also betray him into inconsistency. He loves the cheerfulness and hilarity, though not the boisterous jocularity, of social life; and sometimes when he affects to despise them, his real likings come across and disconcert his pretensions. Propose to him some scheme of amusement, a tavern dinner, for instance, or a visit to some country gentleman, who will give his guests a hearty welcome, and afford them a good deal of merriment, but not much philosophy or erudition; ask him to be of the party, and he will seem surprized, and wonder how you can so squander away your time. Yet you may depend upon meeting him at the place appointed. He comes perhaps after the company are assembled; and if you say you did not expect him, he affects tones of indifference; he recollected, he will tell you, that some one was to be present with whom he had some material business, and that was the sole reason of his coming. In all this, however, he does not mean to deceive you; but
has

has deceived himself; and fancies that he comes, not for amusement, but for some important concerns. This idea hangs too long about him; fetters the free disposition of his heart; makes him keep aloof from the humour of the company; so that if he smiles it is like Cassius, as it were in spite of himself. The contention he undergoes has even a worse effect; and makes him sometimes appear unseasonably sarcastic. It may happen, however, that his real temper shall get the better of his assumed dignity. This is sometimes the case towards the close of the evening; and then he speaks as much, laughs as loud, and sits as long as any of the company. Could Leander prevail with himself to follow nature, and obey his original feelings, rather than to oppose or stifle them, he would be esteemed, not merely by the limited circle that know his merits; but would become the favorite of all his acquaintance.

But the most whimsical or most serious effect of his imitation respects his religious character. He had in the beginning of life connected vigour and strength of mind with tendencies to doubt and scepticism. Yet full of original softness, and with a disposition to pensive gentleness,

tleness, he was fashioned, as it were by nature, to be a Christian. His heart was deeply impressed with the excellence of mild and disinterested virtue; and he was inclined to wish for an order of things more favorable than the present, not only to the exercise, but to the reward of such congenial merit. Yet with persons who are good believers he affects indifference and uncertainty; and so without any well-founded pretensions for a superiority of this kind, such as it is, he passes among them as being considerably advanced in free-thinking. In company again with persons who really doubt or disbelieve, he is altogether uneasy; he cannot endure their oblique insinuations, much less their open attack on doctrines that elsewhere he seems not to believe; and thus, among them, though without any reason, he is suspected to be an enthusiast if not a hypocrite.

Leander is naturally social, but affects to be unsocial; he is gentle, but would seem indifferent; he is vain, but would rather be accounted proud; and so, by a strange sort of inconsistency, he is vain of pride; he is naturally religious, but not superstitiously so; and yet has no objection, in some situations, to be thought a sceptic, if not an infidel; and all this because
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in early life he chose models of imitation not suited to his original temper and frame of mind; and which by reason of the same original temper he has never afterwards been able to quit.

Nº XIV.

——Malus bonum malum
Esse vult ut sit sui similis.

PLAUT.

NERINO, before he arrived at middle age, had contracted the most pernicious habits: yet excellent dispositions, if not excellent habits, he once possessed. He not only became the most abandoned of the crew he belonged to; but the means of corrupting others; for his manners were originally elegant, his address insinuating, and his conversation lively. He kept a catalogue of the young men of promising merit whom he had ruined; and among his intimates, it was often a topic of his discourse, not only to relate his exploits, but his plans of seduction. Some fell a prey to his practices in a longer, and some in a shorter period. Of those who were already ripe for him, he made little account; but boasted of one young man who had enjoyed, and even profited by all the advantages of good education; and whom he finished, as he expressed it, in the course of an evening. But the

the career of his achievements was of short continuance. The frame of body he had received from nature, vigorous and uncommonly graceful, was laid waste by intemperance. His constitution was shattered by mortal and dire distemper. Yet he languished long on the bed of death. Meantime, the admonitions he had received in early life returned to his remembrance—not to minister comfort, but to confound and appal him. Weakened by his disorder, and abandoned by his associates, for he had long ago discarded his friends, he conceived himself summoned by infernal dæmons. He heard, as he fancied, the shrieks of horrid fiends; and beheld their threatening gestures. His condition was rumoured abroad. Persons strange to him, and unconcerned in his fate, had curiosity to behold him. His menials, altogether mercenary and indifferent, gained some scandalous profits, or gratified the rude desire of their acquaintance, by exposing their dying master. He was yet somewhat sensible to the misery of his condition; and, in the presence of some spectators, thus allowed to gaze on his wonderful sufferings, endeavouring to articulate an imprecation, with a furious look, and striving to lift his arm in a menacing attitude; his spirit in a fit of anger expired. His features, after his death, were stamped with the dire impression.

Many young persons suffer by the contagion of the wicked, in consequence of an unwarrantable reliance on their own strength of mind, They have resolved; and think their good resolutions must remain unshaken. They entertain no high opinion of the ability of their corrupted associates. They hold them inferior to themselves; and therefore as they are amusing, and so inferior as to be incapable of doing them any harm, their company need not be avoided. It is only to laugh with, and to leave them; and in this surely there is no transgression. But there is transgression. You have been much diverted and meet with them a second time. By degrees you begin to like them; you do not despise them quite so much as you did: "They are indeed very wicked; but they are very good-natured; they mean no sort of harm; they are diverting: they have humour; nay, if it were not for some unfortunate habits, they have great accomplishments, and some very good qualities; they are no hypocrites; have a great deal of honor; and though they happen to be ill-spoken of, yet there are many persons of much higher pretensions much more undeserving."—You are thus led to consort with them; and if they do not always afford you mirth, yet you are in the habit of being with them; and they become a relief from serious

ous occupations. Serious occupation will now suffer some interruptions. Though you be in good-enough health to sit up all night, or to undertake a long journey in projects of dissipation; yet some how or other you feel an indisposition to business. So you saunter into the street, or to some customary lounging place. You meet some of your jovial friends; a smart scheme is proposed; and you are caught in the snare.—Meanwhile your real friends discover in your conduct many symptoms of change. You avoid them; “They may be very good sort of people, yet you do not think them good-natured; they are troublesome with their remarks; or, some how or other, you tire of their company.”—At length your external manners are changed; and in your language, dress, and opinions you imitate your new acquaintance. Having discovered too, that they are amazingly clever, and much better persons than the world imagines, and that all those who avoid or pretend to despise them are morose and illiberal; you can no longer resist them.—On their part, they are no less active in promoting your downfall. They are at great pains to insinuate, or rather to proclaim, “That you are now become one of themselves, very spirited, very much improved, and indeed very different

“ferent from what they conceived you to be.” Thus they blast your reputation by the breath of pestilential praise; and if, after this, you refuse to comply with them, they overwhelm you with invincible scorn. For a young man without experience, and entangled in the toils of seduction, can neither resist nor contend with the scorn of corrupted persons. They have consummate assurance, and an irresistible command of temper or of face; so that you are not a match for them in the strife of ridicule. Your good dispositions, unless your habits be much perverted, will make you abashed. You are not so dexterous as they are in the management of raillery, and the unexpected assaults of wit. Unwilling to give offence, and afraid of being thought ill-humoured, you will not retort, nor utter your reply, lest you should seem acrimonious, and so appear to disadvantage. You are thus disconcerted; soon subdued and enslaved.—I might challenge the experience of every age and nation to produce any young man who, having taken pleasure in the society of the dissolute, has nevertheless resisted their mockery, and escaped, uninjured, from their derision. Be assured, that the moment you associate with wicked persons, and relish their conversation, unless you follow them in every vicious

ous pursuit, they will become impatient of your reserve; they will laugh at your scruples; speak scoffingly of good instruction; revile, directly or indirectly, the characters of good men; assail you with unmerciful raillery; and overpower you with the dread of contempt. The shafts of ridicule are as often dipt in the poison of rancour, and shot into the heart of virtue, as they are fitted to the bow-string of wisdom, and hurled by the hand of truth.

Apposite to these remarks, and the preceding delineation, is the following allegory by Maximus Tyrius. "Life," says that agreeable writer, "is a great sea, more dangerous than that of Sicily or of Egypt. Reason, however, is capable of conducting our course; for reason takes direction from the lights of Heaven; and is acquainted with every harbour. Yet unskilful pilots may lead Reason astray. Some may cast us on rocky shelves; or among nations whom selfishness hath rendered inhuman; ignorance, impious; and pleasure, corrupt. But a skilful Pilot guides us into the safest haven. Who then is this Pilot? And to whom may we trust? Ask not of me. Let them pass in review before you. Behold then the foremost in the procession, that

“ that gay, splendid, and jovial Pilot * ; and let
 “ his pretensions be heard. His vessel, seen from
 “ the shore, seems gallant and well arrayed.
 “ The appearance is treacherous ; for the pur-
 “ poses of navigation it is utterly useless.—
 “ Since now our discourse has accidentally
 “ assumed a figurative vesture, borrowed from
 “ navigation, let us preserve the image, and
 “ assimilate the philosophy of Epicurus to the
 “ royal vessel of king Ætes. What I mention
 “ is no fable ; for it is not long since a king of
 “ some nations adjacent to Phœnicia, ignorant
 “ of sea-faring matters, and regardless of Hea-
 “ ven, projected a voyage from Egypt to Troy.
 “ He accordingly provided a large and capa-
 “ cious vessel ; for he intended that all the plea-
 “ sures should sail along with him. The royal
 “ apartment was the finest possible, and was
 “ furnished with beds and couches. In a place
 “ adjacent he had a number of fruit-trees, pro-
 “ ducing apples, pears, grapes, and pomegra-
 “ nates. In another quarter he had a bath,
 “ and a place for exercise ; together with apart-
 “ ments for his cooks and mistresses. The out-

* Some liberty has been taken with a few words in the origi-
 nal *πῆχυν* has been translated Reason, and *Κοῦρεπντης*, a Pilot, &c.

“ side of the ship painted with the brightest
“ colours, and embellished with gold and silver,
“ seemed like a feeble man garnished with golden
“ armour. Many beheld him with deep amaze-
“ ment; they deemed him happy; and wished to
“ sail in that delightful vessel.—Now the time
“ of departure came. The costly and enormous
“ fabric set sail; and bounded from the port
“ like a floating island. Other ships of ordinary
“ size, well-rigged, and with useful tackle
“ sailed out along with it. As long as the gale
“ was gentle, the progress of the royal vessel was
“ prosperous. The air, as it passed, was sweet-
“ ened with perfume, and gladdened with the
“ sound of lutes, pipes, and the voices of many
“ people. But when a sudden tempest threw
“ the sky into tumultuous disorder, and when
“ with loud turmoil an impetuous blast de-
“ scended upon the sea, the comparative advan-
“ tages of wisdom and of pleasure might
“ easily be discerned. The other vessels furled
“ up their sails, contended with the storm, and
“ withstood its prey. But this ill-omened ship
“ was tossed about like a heavy and unwieldy
“ man, reeling with drunkenness and excess of
“ wine. The Pilot could no longer discharge
“ his duty. All the crew, erewhile so jocund,
“ were

“ were appalled with terror. The rigging was
“ torne; the structure of the vessel shattered
“ and dashed in pieces; and the whole wreck,
“ like that of a city, was scattered along the
“ shore. Such was the end of a witless voyage,
“ an useless equipment, and the rage of plea-
“ sure.”

N^o XV.

Haud equidam sine mente reor.

VIRG.

SIR,

HEYNE, in his notes on the tenth book of the *Æneid*, adopts and urges in strong terms, and without hesitation, an objection made by former commentators to the epithet *pius*, usually translated *pious*, as applied in the five hundred and ninety-first line to *Æneas*:

“Quem *pius* *Æneas* dictis affatur amaris;”

“Whom *pius* *Æneas* addresses with bitter words.”

“*Pius*,” says the commentator, “epitheton
 “nullam vim habet; the Epithet *pius* has no
 “force;” or rather, “has no meaning.” As
 he immediately adds some notice of *Æneas*’s
 inhumanity, perhaps he means to infer that the
 epithet was not only without force or mean-
 ing, but in a passage where *Æneas* was repre-
 sented as indulging unrelenting resentment, was
 particularly inconsistent. The stricture is en-
 titled to so much the more attention that Heyne
 is celebrated as holding a distinguished place
 among editors and commentators; and that he
 has

has not altered or mollified the severity of his censure in any subsequent edition of his commentary. It also deserves attention, because Virgil is believed by many to hold the first, and scarcely doubted by any one, to hold the second place among the epic poets of antiquity. To attempt a justification of every epithet he employs, even though he had rendered his work as perfect as he intended, would be absurd; but much more so, when we are informed that he reckoned it so imperfect, as to be unworthy of the public eye. Yet if any one epithet employed by the first or second writer, in the first or second species of elegant composition known to the Greeks and Romans, can be rescued from unmerited censure, the allotment of a few minutes to that purpose is not to be accounted misapplication of time.

The word *pius* in the Latin language does not generally denote, like the word *pious* derived from it into our language, reverential affection leading to the devotional worship of a superior, or of superior invisible Beings. Its meaning seems to be more enlarged; and to signify reverential affection, leading to correspondent acts of adoration and respect towards any sentient Being that can be the object of such affection. It implies, perhaps, something so

3

respect-

respectable and dignified in its object, as to preclude too much familiarity of address; and is not used, so far as I recollect, to denote the passion of *love*, unless when the person beloved is celebrated for higher endowments than mere personal beauty, or is no longer among the living; so that the departed spirit becomes, or is considered, as a sort of superior Being. But it is used in almost all other relations, no less to parents, to benefactors, to our country, and to mankind, than to Divinity. “*Sis pius in primis,*” —“Cultivate goodness above every other quality,” says Theodosius to his son Honorius, according to the interesting and elegant account of Claudian; and that *pius* in this passage signifies *good* or *beneficent* appears from the explanation given by the poet in the succeeding lines:

“*Sis pius in primis nam cum vincamur in omni*

“*Munere, sola Deos equat clementia nobis.*”

“Be good in an especial manner; for mercy is the only
“endowment by which we are enabled to equal the
“Gods.”

The Poet seems to have had in view a very beautiful passage in Cicero's oration for Ligarius. Recommending him to the clemency of Cæsar, he tells him, “That no quality is so popular as
“goodness; and that mankind cannot more
“nearly approach the gods than by deeds of
“mercy.” “*Homines enim ad Deos nulla re*
“*propius*

“ propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus
 “ dando.”—It may also be remarked, that the
 words *pietas* and *impius* are applied by classical
 writers to the gods themselves; yet surely, such
 use of them must be accounted absurd, if we
 understand them as signifying the same thing as
piety and *impious* in their usual acceptation in the
 English language. In the fifth *Æneid*, when
 the Trojan fleet is in danger of being utterly
 consumed by fire, *Æneas* thus addresses Jupiter :

“ Jupiter Omnipotens, si nondum exosus ad unum

“ Trojanos, si quid *pietas* antiqua labores

“ Respicit humanes; da flammam evadere classi.”

“ Almighty Jupiter, if thou hast not adopted sen-

“ timents of utter hatred against every Trojan; if thy

“ goodness, manifested in times of old, is still interested in

“ the toils of mortals; preserve our first fleet from def-

“ truction.”

Ruæus explains the words *pietas antiqua* in this
 passage by the phrase *vetus misericordia*, “for-
 “ mer or antient compassion.” *Horace* says too,
 in one of his odes to *Mæcenas*,

“ Te Jovis impio

“ Tutela Saturno refulgens

“ Eripuit.”

“ The protection of Jupiter rescued you from

“ cruel Saturn.”

Acro, the very venerable commentator on *Horace*,
 explains the passage, and I believe he is follow-
 ed in his explanation by subsequent commen-
 tators,

tators, as if the Poet alluded to the malign influences attributed by astrologers to the planet Saturn. “ Mortem dicit amovisse Jovis benefici-
cam stellam, maleficam respicientem Saturni.”

We may conclude, therefore, that when the epithet *pius* is applied, as is frequently done by Virgil, to Æneas, we are not always to understand it as expressing his devotional, but also his patriotic and affectionate character. Patriotism, in the sense of attachment, not to a spot of ground, but as denoting attachment to fellow-citizens, constitutes, according to the view given of him by Virgil, the leading principle in the character of Æneas. Along with this, and in close connection with it, he is represented as possessing great affection for those associates and confederates in whom he is interested, and who co-operate with him in his undertaking. In the passage in question, the epithet *pius* is expressive of this particular affection; of affection for an amiable friend and an illustrious confederate.

This leads us to consider the circumstances and relations in which Æneas is placed by the Poet.—In his contest with Turnus, he had solicited and obtained assistance from Evander. Than Evander no character in the Æneid appears more respectable; than his son Pallas, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by his father to Æneas, no character appears more amiable and

more endeared to our affectionate sympathy. Virgil has embellished the description he has given of him with the most exquisite imagery and allusions.

———“ Ipse agmine Pallas
 “ In medio chlamyde, et pictis conspectus in armis;
 “ Qualis ubi oceani perfusus Lucifer unda,
 “ Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes,
 “ Exhibit os sacrum cœlo, tenebrasque resolvit.”

“ Pallas himself, mid the surrounding troop, was distinguished by his mantle and ornamented armour; as
 “ when the morning star, beloved by Venus more than
 “ any other of the lights of Heaven, displays in the sky
 “ his divine appearance, and banishes darkness.”

This gallant Prince, the only child of a venerable father, the solace of his old age, is intrusted to the care of Æneas, and unmercifully killed by Turnus. The circumstances of his death are inhuman, and the insults of his foe ungenerous. For Turnus, indulging wrath to excess, strips him of his armour; and wishes the father were present to behold the death of his son. Æneas, therefore, must feel resentment in a suitable manner; in a manner suited to the customs and the maxims of the times. He must avenge the death of Pallas, as the merits of Pallas and Evander; and the opinions of his friends, allies, and even enemies, require it to be avenged.

———“ Pallas,

———“ Pallas, Evander, in ipsis
 “ Omnia sunt oculis; mensæ quas advena primas
 “ Tunc adiit, dextræque datæ.”

“ Pallas, Evander, their hospitable board, and plight-
 “ ed right-hands, rush, as if actually seen, on his soul.”

He appears, on this occasion, more unrelenting than in any other part of the *Æneid*; and will accept of no compensation for those who must be sacrificed to the memory of Pallas.

———“ Belli commercia Turnus
 “ Sustulit ista prior, jam tum Pallante perempto.”
 “ Turnus, when he slaughtered Pallas, was the first
 “ who banished from battle every intercourse of com-
 “ passion.”

He appeals, in his justification, to the parental, the filial, and friendly affections.

“ Hoc patris Anchisæ manes, hoc sentit Iulus.”
 “ Of this the spirit of Anchises, of this Iulus is aware.”

The Poet, however, seems to be sensible, that his hero, on this occasion, appears more vindictive than formerly, or than is suited to his character; and therefore annexes an epithet in his recital of the last victims that were slain on account of Pallas, which brings into view the motive of his present rigour. His grateful respect for Evander, his affectionate esteem for Pallas, and the veneration due to his departed spirit, required such awful retaliation. *Æneas*

overcame Lucagus; and with bitter words, insulted him in his death; but he did so, moved with reverential esteem and affection for illustrious benefactors. This is implied in the epithet *pius*, which regards, not Lucagus, but Pallas and Evander; and has so much propriety, that if the commentator's taste and candour be equal to his reputation, of which I entertain no doubt, he will no longer pronounce it without force or meaning.

I am the more jealous for the reputation of Virgil, that few writers of antiquity seem to me more capable of gratifying and improving our powers of taste; and that few antient writers, for elegance of thought and propriety of diction, ought to be received by those who are desirous of such improvement and gratification with greater confidence. Permit me, therefore, to expect, although these strictures may not be quite suitable to the plan of your publication, that you will nevertheless, let them have access, by giving them a place in your work, to the consideration of your critical readers.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

DICAIOPHILUS.

N^o XVI.

——Aperire fontes licet.

QUINT.

IN an age so much addicted to poetry and criticism as the present, it may not be improper, in a periodical publication, to ascertain and illustrate the chief ingredients of poetical genius; and this may be done with so much the less difficulty, that they are fully, though briefly, expressed by Horace in the following lines:

“ Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os

“ Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.”

“ To him give the honorable name of Poet, who pos-

“ sesses invention a superior spirit and elocution equal to

“ important subjects.”

In these lines three particulars are mentioned; “ Ingenium—mens divinior—os magna sonaturum;”—“ Invention; a divine mind, or “ a mind unusually elevated; and talents of “ powerful expression.” We shall consider each of these separately.

I. By “ Ingenium,” may be here understood *invention*, *ingenuity*, or that great creating power of the Poet which depends on *imagination*. It is by this talent that the Poet makes a proper

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choice and arrangement of those circumstances in an object, which, in suggesting it, he means to employ. For though we ascribe to him creative powers, it is not meant, that he forms Beings altogether new, or of materials that never existed till he produced them; we only mean, that he works on the materials presented to him by nature; he separates and throws them into new combinations. He thus, by altering and new modelling, makes new objects; with a view to produce stronger emotions than they would otherwise have excited.

Poetical genius is distinguished by invention and imitation: for they are in fact the same. The Poet *invents*, that is, he throws circumstances into a new form; but that form is intended to represent, so as to make a stronger impression, something that does exist or has existed. The great object of all imitation is nature, either inanimated, such as woods, vales, and rivers; or animated, such as birds, beasts, and above all mankind.—It is not enough merely to *describe*; the poet must *imitate*. He is not only, for example, to display anger, by describing the pale face and the quivering lip; but he must, by speaking the language, display the feelings of the angry man. As he chiefly imitates human nature, he must suppose himself the very character he invents. He must speak what every one of
the

the persons he represents would naturally speak; and seem to perform actions similar to what the person would have done in that situation.

The pastoral Poet, for instance, has to imitate the manners and customs of the country life. If any objects are introduced which are not connected with the pastoral life, they are improper. The objects from which the Poet borrows his imagery must be such as are within the sphere of the shepherd's knowledge. If they suppose great improvement in the sciences, they are improper; and cannot make a part in a pastoral poem. The characters, too, must be such as are suited to that state; the passions described must be modified so as to be consistent with the situation of the speaker. To say they must be always gentle is improper; because shepherds are often represented, and with justice, as being envious, and violently incensed. But it would be also improper to represent them as very ambitious; or carrying their resentment to violent or bloody excess.—The same thing may be illustrated in epic, dramatic, and every species of poetical composition. In all of them the Poet must employ fiction: but in all of them he must adhere to probability: so that while he *invents* he must *imitate*. He is to excite feelings; and this is not to be done, but by exhibiting natural objects.

II. But

II. But the Poet must not only *invent*; he must not only have ingenuity, and those talents which depend on imagination; he must also *feel*; he must have the “*mens divini*or;” he must have sensibility. This I conceive to be the meaning of the term. The expression is general; *mens divini*or, a *very divine mind*, a mind more than *usually divine*. But how comes that to signify sensibility? and is not the meaning thus annexed too arbitrary. By attending to the following particulars, we shall perhaps judge otherwise.

First, what is it that exalts a mind, or makes it, so to say, *divine*? Is it not such sensibility as flows out in exquisite feeling or fine affection? All, or most men have sensibility to the events or incidents that befall themselves; but he whose mind is so susceptible as to be as deeply affected with what befalls others, and with imaginary events as other persons are with real, may be said to have *fine sensibility* or the *mens divini*or.

Secondly, the Poet, in this passage, speaks as a Critic; at any rate, he is not to be suspected of writing loosely. He usually distinguishes very accurately, and expresses himself very correctly. He is not to be suspected of distinctions without difference, or of using words that have no meaning, or that are redundant. The difference, for example,

example, between the *Ingenium* and *os magna sonaturum*, between *invention* and *expression*, is distinctly marked. Is it fair then to suppose, that he means no more by the *mens divini* than by the *ingenium*? For no one can imagine that he means by it the same as by the *os magna sonaturum*. By every rule of candid criticism we must suppose, that he means something different; and not only so, but something essential. He is making an important enumeration: what is the second particular in this enumeration? This leads us to remark,

Thirdly, that the Poet, in other parts of his works, where he delivers critical doctrines, dwells very particularly on sensibility. He says explicitly, in his epistle to the Pisos, that without this it is impossible to enter into human passions and affections, so as to imitate them, and so as to move other persons. *Si vis me flere, says he, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi.* “If you would have me weep you must yourself have been previously grieved.” Now as the meaning of a writer is always best known by comparing him as it were with himself; and since Horace sets so high a value on sensibility, and since here he does not in specific terms mention it in a formal enumeration of poetical qualities; and as in this enumeration we meet with an expression which
seems

seems general, but which may, without violence, be understood in this acceptation; we must in fairness conclude, that the Poet is consistent, means sensibility, and apprehends, that he announces it sufficiently by the epithet *divinior*.

That sensibility, in other words, the power of feeling, or fully conceiving the passions, affections, or actions we would delineate, is a necessary ingredient in poetical genius, needs small illustration. The passage now alluded to in Horace is sufficient.

“ Si vis me flere, dolendum est

“ Primum ipsi tibi.

“ Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem

“ Fortunarum habitum.

“ Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.”

“ If you would have me weep, you must yourself

“ Have suffered previous sorrow.

“ Nature gives sensibility, and shapes

“ Our hearts to beat and vibrate as the touch

“ Of forms external strikes its fibrous frame;

“ And then instructs the flexile tongue to vent

“ The feelings of the soul, and every thrill

“ Of exquisite affection.”

III. But what signify invention and sensibility if the thoughts and feelings of the Poet be not well expressed? He must have the *os magna sonaturum*; “The mouth that shall utter great things.” He must be capable of adequate expression,

expression, adequate to the great objects and passions he would display. He may imagine the finest appearances, he may be moved by the tenderest affections; but he cannot move or please others, unless he make them see as he sees, and feel as he feels. He cannot however transfuse his soul into theirs. He must use some intermediate vehicle for conveying his thoughts to those whom he would affect. Language is this vehicle. He must speak; and speak perspicuously, and accurately, and fully; he must speak, and with energy, and in a manner adequate, as was said, to his subject. He must have the *os magna sonaturum*; "The mouth that shall utter mighty things." This quality, so essential in poetry, as it is most capable of cultivation, deserves so much the more, on that very account, to be attended to and cultivated. Perhaps Nature must in a very considerable degree confer imagination and sensibility; but force and elegance, at least, perspicuity and correctness of stile or expression, may be attained by study. What that study, or those exercises may be, which tend to the improvement of expression, is foreign from our present subject. Suffice it to have shewn, that invention, sensibility, and expression, are the essential qualities of poetical genius.

" Ingenium

- " Ingenium cui fit, cui mens diviniore, atque os
" Magna sonatarum, des nominis hujus honorem."
" Let *him* be hail'd a Poet, in whose breast
" The beam creative of invention glows;
" Whose susceptible heart by Heaven impress'd,
" Throbs, heaves, and melts with sympathetic throes;
" And whose rapt utterance powerfully reveals,
" All that his fancy dreams, or heaven-struck bosom feels."

N^o XVII.*Sume superbiam quæsitam meritis.*

HOR.

Soon after publishing a few numbers of my paper, I felt that solicitude which all writers like me have experienced, and which some have ingenuously confessed, of knowing in what degree of estimation I was held by the public. I repaired therefore, to such coffee-houses, or literary lounging-places, as, I flattered myself, would afford me the opportunity that I desired. I also called on such gentlemen and ladies of my acquaintance as usually speak about new publications. But many were the attempts I made; and great the mortification which I endured before I received the gratification I so ardently desired. At first, I expected that I should have been the theme of every classical conversation; after some time I would have been satisfied with the slightest notice, provided it had been favorable: and at last, in place of the cold indifference and chilling neglect I encountered, I would have compounded for a little abuse. The literary persons with whom I conversed expatiated on the true reading of what seemed to me a mere expletive in a passage in Shakespeare;

speare; or whether a celebrated player should have uttered a pathetic interjection in a high or in a low tone; or about a cock-chaffer, or Brazilian beetle; but about my ingenuity or my dulness, they said not a single word. On one occasion, indeed, I had almost betrayed myself; for at a visit that I paid to a Lady in Cavendish-square, the conversation turning on a sentiment expressed by Johnson in one of his *Ramblers*: I seized the opportunity to express some opinion about periodical papers in general; and at last, with great dexterity, as I apprehended, I edged in something about the *Philanthrope*. But the word "stuck in my throat," I faltered, hesitated, could not for my life get my tongue disengaged from the last syllable; and would have forfeited all the reputation this or any other work can ever procure me, if the name had been half an inch shorter. The company were most awfully silent. I durst not look around me; for experiencing a situation little better than a detected pick-pocket, I felt, as I fancied, the eyes of all present like so many porcupine quills, piercing my consciousness through every fold. I was at length, relieved from my agony, by the remark of a wise-looking gentleman over against me, who said, "he was not altogether certain whether such institutions as the humane and Philanthropical societies did all the good they
1 " pretended

"pretended to." The subject was immediately taken up by some other persons; and I soon found, to my inexpressible satisfaction, that no one of them had ever heard of my lucubrations; but that they had reconciled what seemed incoherent or inaccurate in my observation, to a charitable institution. Delivered from my distress, and recovering from my confusion, I resolved never after to lye in wait for surreptitious notice or lay snares for applause; and amused myself with reflecting, how precarious that person's enjoyments must be, who founds any considerable part of them on the attention or neglect of mankind. "Though no one," said I to myself, "ought to scorn, or hold himself independent of, public opinion; yet we ought not to be cast down, nor to relinquish innocent or useful pursuits, because our merits may not be as fully or as early acknowledged as they deserve, or as we desire."

But though, for a long time, I could hear nothing favourable or unfavourable concerning my philanthropical labours, and had with great magnanimity, as I conceived, reconciled myself to disappointment; I learned at length, that my exertions were not utterly neglected or altogether in vain. Sauntering into a bookseller's shop near St. Paul's, I found two or three persons, who were strangers to me, engaged in a sort

of desultory conversation; and that the topic of their discourse was no other than my morality. "To correct the morals, and reform the manners of the times!" said a pompous gentleman, of a rosy complexion, in a brown coat, and a large wig, laying down my paper, and putting up his spectacles: "What right has he to become our instructor? He ought to shew himself, that we may be enabled to judge by his own conduct and deportment concerning his title to give advice."—"Alas! Sir," replied a thin middle-aged gentleman in a black coat, of a pale but placid look, and with great softness of voice; "Alas! Sir, if none are to give admonition, but those who are themselves perfect, it will be given us in scanty portions. We are to consider the value of the admonition, and not the person who gives it. The medicine that restores you to health may be contained in a vessel of very fragile, I had almost said frail materials."—"But can he tell us any thing we knew not before?" said a smart-looking young clergyman; "or has he made any new discovery in the science of morals?" "Shall we regard nothing but novelty?" replied my advocate. "May not important truths be repeated? May not their dress be varied? Virtue and vice are, no doubt, the same; but their aspect and mode of procedure

"dure

“dure admit of diversity; and are different
“at different times. It is not the fault of our
“instructors if their doctrines have little no-
“velty. Let mankind become really desirous
“of growing virtuous; and the moralist will
“amuse you with a *new observation*.”

“He may as well let instruction alone,” said
a little dry black-looking gentleman in a corner;
“Who was ever the better for being instructed?
“Human nature must remain as it was at first
“constructed; and”—with a sarcastical smile—
“A fine piece of work it is!” “No,” answered
my placid friend, in a more elevated tone, but
still with a great deal of mildness: “My views
“of human nature are not so gloomy; nor have
“I such slight confidence in the power of truth,
“or in the efficacy of wise admonition. Those
“who derive benefit from instruction are not
“forward in making profession of their attain-
“ment; they are commonly diffident of their ad-
“vancement in virtue; and will not boast of their
“merit. Add to this, that while you are engaged
“in a course of improvement, you are often in-
“sensible of your proficiency. Even while you
“are learning an antient or a foreign lan-
“guage, you cannot from day to day ascertain
“the precise degree of your progress. You
“sometimes suspect that you are making no
“progress whatever; and will be surprized at

“ some future time, if you continue your appli-
“ cation, at finding every difficulty removed ;
“ and that you are actually in possession of that
“ knowledge which you despaired of acquiring.
“ I will at the same time, for the argument’s
“ sake, admit, that the number of those who
“ are capable of being touched with the beauty
“ of moral excellence, and consequently that
“ the number of those who are capable of re-
“ ceiving improvement from good instruction,
“ is not perhaps so great as the moralist would
“ desire. But let him not despair, nor desist.
“ In the consciousness of discharging his duty,
“ and the hope of rendering essential services
“ even unto a few, let him encounter the
“ charge of triteness ; let him forfeit the honor
“ of ingenuity ; but not abandon the cause of
“ truth, or relinquish the prospect of doing
“ good. The Romans thanked those commanders
“ who in critical junctures, and when the
“ commonwealth tottered on the verge of de-
“ struction, instead of yielding to pusillanimous
“ and inactive despondency, looked forward to
“ more fortunate times, and exerted their pow-
“ ers in defence of their country. Though by
“ no means agreeing with those who, in doleful
“ declamation or virulent sarcasm, inveigh
“ against the corruption of human nature and
“ the degeneracy of modern manners ; yet, ad-
“ mitting

“ mitting their assertions, in the utmost lati-
“ tude, let the moralist still persevere and
“ plead in behalf of virtue. If he shall confirm
“ in laudable resolutions, or reclaim a single
“ spirit from vice, he may have atchieved an
“ illustrious exploit; and, in the sight of invi-
“ sible witnesses, may be accounted worthy of
“ immortal triumph. The spirit he reclaims or
“ confirms, may, in the vicissitudes of human
“ life, have more frequent opportunity or more
“ enlarged ability for reclaiming or confirming
“ others. Those again may extend their influ-
“ ence through a wider compass. The multi-
“ tude of rational beings who may thus be re-
“ stored to virtue, or strengthened in their ab-
“ horrence of vice, by the labor of a single vir-
“ tuous person, exerting himself according to
“ his talents and opportunities, overpower the
“ imagination. Whole races of men, and the
“ offspring of late posterity, may be conceived
“ as swelling the gorgeous train. The good you
“ do, by seasonable admonition, to a single vir-
“ tuous person, may, for aught you know, be
“ multiplied to endless generations, and extend
“ its effects to men of every kindred and lan-
“ guage.”

I felt myself so much moved by the gentle-
man's speech, and some civil things which he
added in the conclusion, about myself, that

I had almost run up and embraced him. So, for fear of exposing myself, I hastened to the door, walked in a state of unusual abstraction, into the church, leaned against a pillar, gazed at the dome, and I am not very sure that I had not occasion to wipe my eyes. Recovering from the strange mood into which I had been so unexpectedly thrown, I wished to be acquainted with the person who had touched, with so much effect, the strings of my enthusiasm or of my vanity. But on returning to the shop I found he was gone; no one of the company whom I left was acquainted with him; the black-looking gentleman supposed "he must be the author of the work he so warmly defended;" the smart-looking clergyman believed "from his figure and *figures* of speech, that he must be a physician who had little employment;" and the rosy-faced gentleman observed that, "it might be so; yet wished that he had invited him that evening to the club." The young man who attended in the shop, said "he could not tell who he was; that he sometimes bought books; but as he always paid for and carried them away with him, he had no opportunity of ever learning his name." He added, that "he sometimes put money into his master's hands to be given by him to indigent authors of respectable character."

I flatter

I flatter myself that I enjoyed more pleasure from this part of the information, than from the praise I received. Yet the gentleman's goodness enhanced the value of his encomium; for the approbation of one virtuous person, who is a competent judge of merit, outweighs the neglect or censure of the undiscerning multitude, and is far more valuable than their applause.

Nº XVIII.

Ne tibi celandi spes sit peccare paranti.

TIB.

THE following incident was communicated to me by a naval officer of eminent rank, who was at Algiers on board one of his Majesty's frigates at the time it happened.

Mahomet Effendi, Dey of Algiers, about the middle of the present century, was reckoned the most able, and likewise the most equitable of those Princes who have for many years governed the Algerines. His promotion to sovereign power was involuntary; for he, no doubt, dreaded the fate of his predecessors, of whom no less than twenty-three perished by violent deaths. He was compelled nevertheless, by the Janissaries, to accept of a dignity, which, notwithstanding his justice and sagacity, proved as fatal to himself as to former princes; for he also, a short time after his advancement, fell by assassination. The following instance of his justice, in which, however, his procedure was somewhat summary, was also, and certainly with as much reason, accounted an instance of his sagacity.—Slaves among the Algerines are permitted

mitted either by shop-keeping or otherwise, and on paying their masters a certain sum; to earn a little money for themselves. This they may employ, and very frequently do employ, in purchasing their freedom. A slave named Almoullah, kept an oil-shop; and found his gains encrease so very fast, that he soon accumulated seventy zequins, amounting to about thirty pounds sterling. Other fifty zequins would have procured him his freedom. Fearing, however, as he was reckoned wealthy, that he might be robbed, and have no redress; he gave his money in trust to a Moor, who lived in his neighbourhood; and in whose friendship, as well as integrity, he had the utmost confidence. His profits soon afterwards became so considerable, that he found himself in possession of the fifty zequins he so earnestly wished for. He thus anticipated, with secret rapture, his delivery from bondage and return to his native land. Repairing therefore to his Moorish friend, he said to him, "How much beholden am I, "worthy Hadgi, to your goodness, in having "taken charge of my little earnings! I now intend, as I have gained wherewithal to procure "my liberty, to make the best bargain I can "with my master, and return to my friends "and kindred. I will therefore relieve you of "the charge you so kindly undertook!" Hadgi beheld

beheld him, or pretended to behold him, with a look of astonishment; he affected to believe him mad; and denied his having any knowledge whatever of the transaction he alluded to. Almoullah nevertheless insisted peremptorily on having his money restored to him. So that, after much altercation, the Moor apprehending that he could not otherwise secure the possession of what he had so unjustly retained, ran to the palace of Mahomet, whom he found administering justice; and raising his voice, intreated that he would punish a slave for aspersing his "untainted character." But Almoullah, conscious of his integrity, had undauntedly followed him; and obtaining leave of the Dey, he told his story with circumstantial firmness, and then prostrated himself on the carpet at the foot of the throne. Mahomet, having heard him, beckoned to a Chiaoux, or minister of justice: "Go," said he, "to the house of Hadgi, search it narrowly, and bring hither all the money you find in it." The Chiaoux bowed, obeyed, and soon after returned. The Dey having then ordered a new earthen pot with clean water poured into it, and charcoal fire to be placed before him, he put the pot on the fire, and when the water boiled, he threw in the money. Soon after, having taken it out, and letting the water stand till it cooled, he

he found on the surface a thick greasy scum. This convincing him that the money belonged to the oil-man, he instantly restored it to him: and at the same time gave a sign to the Chiaoux, who, dragging away the self-condemned and convicted Moor, fixed his head, without loss of time, on the wall of the city.

Different reflections may no doubt be suggested by the preceding anecdote. For my own part I am chiefly struck with the illustration it affords of the difficulty that necessarily attends the concealment of guilty actions. They seldom escape detection; or at least a suspicion so strong as to impair or even prove ruinous to reputation. The guilty person, especially in the first stages of his corruption, is apt, by the embarrassment and confusion that arise from the resistance of conscience, to be his own betrayer. Even after he has subdued his reluctances, and has smothered every officious feeling, he is often betrayed by his fears: for it frequently happens, that being too circumspect, and too desirous of saving appearances, he alarms that suspicion which he wished to suppress. Donellon, who in hopes of succeeding to an ample fortune, poisoned his brother-in-law, by an infusion of laurel leaves; affecting, in a thoughtless or careless manner, to wash out the phial that had contained the deleterious liquor, drew such attention

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from the beholders, as led to his conviction. Even such trifling circumstances, as no wisdom can calculate and no sagacity foresee, and no caution prevent, may often, as in the case of the fraudulent Moor, produce self-condemnation. Excessive confidence and exultation in the success of a criminal conduct, have also, on many occasions, as has been often illustrated, led to complete discovery. In the moral as well as the natural world, one thing corrects another. Virtue may not always be recognized as it ought to be, not only because men are envious and ungrateful, which may perhaps be too frequently the case, but because, not feeling and not knowing in themselves the principles of virtuous actions, they are incapable of conceiving them. The miser, who never felt compassion, thinks when you give alms, that you are actuated by no higher motive than vanity. “She has a plot on the parson,” said a free-thinker, on hearing that a young Lady had shed tears at some pathetic passages in the sermon of a dignified unmarried clergyman. So also, a great part of mankind, when they see what appears to them a strange or equivocal conduct, examining it by their own consciousness, discover such signatures and symptoms of evil, as often lead to detection; but which they would never have thought of, were it not for the knowledge they have of themselves.

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We must also add, that the experience of those, who in a magisterial or judicial capacity have to deal like Mahomet Effendi with the worst of mankind, and which must therefore tend to induce a suspicious habit, affords a more charitable explanation. Many indeed are the causes that by their separate or joint operation render the concealment of guilt a very difficult undertaking. From the punishment inflicted by law, in a government so equitable and so merciful as that of Britain, it may no doubt escape; but not from the well-founded suspicion, the dislike and aversion, of the well-disposed and discerning members of the community.

Two practical considerations arise from the preceding remarks. One regards those persons who are exposed, by the situation in which they are placed, and the temptations that peculiarly assail them, to the hazard of contracting guilt. They ought to remember, that it will require more ability than they perhaps imagine, and more than in general vicious persons possess, I do not say to escape formal and legal punishment; but to escape such detection, or suspicion of guilt, as may be fatal to reputation. Let them also remember, that in all likelihood, much less ability than is necessary to the concealment of vice would have procured them, if properly directed, both honor and independence.

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The other consideration regards those young and inexperienced persons, who on their entry into the commerce of life, proceed with as much hesitation, as if they were entering into a wilderness infested with lions. Warned to excess by the prudence of their early friends and instructors, they consider every person they meet as an enemy; and think no attention can be paid them without some evil design. They become of consequence, habitually timid, absurdly reserved, and disgustingly cautious. They lose that frank and ingenuous openness which constitutes so bright an ornament on the forehead of youth. Restrained in their deportment, they become awkward and ungraceful. Sullen and afraid to unite in society, they grow unsocial; in time, morose; and at last misanthropical. They misconstrue appearances; conceive the most unmeaning actions to be ill-intended; and refer the most trivial neglect to a malicious purpose. The suspicious mood draws every thing into its vortex: it whirls even straws and feathers into the abyss of malignity. While therefore, the inexperienced are warned, with due caution against the profligate and selfish purposes of the wicked; let them also remember, that wickedness is not difficult to be discerned, and does not long impose upon those who would not willingly become her dupes. Not many persons who
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have fallen a prey to the seductions of vice, have been blind, even at an early period of their corruption, to her deformity; but they did not choose to discern it. They were not deceived: they knew the meretricious adornment; but affected to think it genuine.

Nº XIX.

—Animo nunc huc, nunc fluctuat illuc.

VIRG.

FAVONIUS is an amiable character, but very liable to *indecision*. If he propose a scheme, and even, with apparent firmness, announce his intention of carrying it into execution, you are not to be surprized though he never undertake it, or quit it when half accomplished: nor, in like manner, are you always to depend on his uniform and permanent adherence to the same opinions. I must observe however, that his indecisive conduct and fluctuating judgments are as yet innocent, or, at least, not criminal. In all important concerns, he is punctual in the performance of promises; and never raises any serious or reasonable expectations, without fulfilling them. His indecision is hitherto in matters of inconsiderable moment, or in matters that concern himself.

Favonius has indeed executed very few of his projects. His estate is beautifully situated, and his taste correct, but in traversing his grounds, you meet with nothing but unfinished designs: hills half planted, or planted, but not enclosed; walks half formed; incomplete inscriptions;
skeletons

skeletons of bowers; and temples without divinities. He lately intended to scoop out a field at the extremity of a lawn that stretches before his house, and convert it into a lake. He accordingly employed workmen; changed his mind; relinquished his design; and, having spoilt part of his lawn, has nothing in its place, but an ugly excavation.

When he prevails with himself to get out of bed in a morning, which is not however till after long hesitation, many an hour is lost before he can fully resolve with himself what dress he shall wear. He desires his servant to bring his boots, for that he means to ride after breakfast. John fetches his boots; but finds him in his study, and determined to devote the morning to the perusal of a new publication. John is then dismissed with the boots; and ordered to bring some coffee. Returning with all possible speed, he meets his master upon the stair, who, having hurried on his morning-dress, is hastening to the breakfasting-room.—He exhibits at dinner the same scene of wavering intentions and broken purposes. He will eat soup; will eat no soup; he will eat fish; bethinks himself of some excellent mutton; and when the mutton comes, he recollects that last night he was indisposed, and ought to eat no animal food. Upon such occasions I have sometimes been tempted to say to

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him,

him, "for Heaven's sake, my dear Favonius, let not your indecision starve you."—His horses are saddled, drawn out, and sent back to the stable, three or four times in a morning; nor is it unusual for him to ride up almost to the gate of a gentleman's-house; to send his servant with notice of an intended visit; and to be on his road home before the messenger return with an answer.

When in town he gets, after some hesitation, into the street; stops short; turns and returns so often, that the passengers stare at him, and think him deranged. He has been even known to knock at a door, and when the porter opened it, to ask his pardon, and say he did mean to come in. Sometimes he will see no company; and his servants, if any company call for him, are to say, he is not at home. A knocking is heard at the door; his servant, with great gravity of aspect, replies as his master desired him; his master, however, who is in the adjoining parlour, hears the voice of a particular acquaintance; changes his intention; rings his bell with impatience, or runs into the lobby, says the servant is mistaken, and that he is really at home. The grave porter is disconcerted; the visitor not a little surprized; and Favonius, somewhat dissatisfied with himself, and consequently with his friend, is oppressed with the visit;

forces

forces some conversation on common place topics ; says the weather is cold, and then contradicting himself, says it is hot ; plays with a trinket at his watch-chain ; is almost tempted to consult his watch ; and when his civil and good-natured visitant leaves him, he feels a relief like that expressed by Virgil when *Alecto* returned to hell,

“ *Coelum terrasque levavit.*”

“ Both Heaven and earth relieved.”

In his study and writing desk, the embryos and abortions transcend belief. His books, as may be guessed by the references and marks on the margin, are only half or in part perused. The multitude of begun or unfinished letters is not to be numbered. It often happens, that with as much bustle as if the state were in danger, he recalls letters from the post-office, and having opened and copied, sends them away again without alteration.

His opinions, chiefly however in matters of small importance, are on many occasions no less variable than his conduct ; so that, concerning the same things and the same persons, he delivers at different times very different judgments. Possessed of considerable ingenuity, and having enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, his sentiments, especially on subjects

of classical literature, are in general very highly respected. Nevertheless, though reference is sometimes made to him in questions of elegant criticism, and though his decisions are always ingenious, they are not always uniform and consistent. Nothing could exceed the astonishment and chagreen of a bigoted admirer of Shakespeare, who had heard him deliver a decided opinion on the disputed passage where Othello says,

“ Put out the light, and then put out the light;”

and who in a violent discussion with an opponent no less sturdy than himself, proposed, not very fairly, to refer the matter to the determination of Favonius—Nothing could exceed his astonishment on hearing the umpire, whom he thought clearly of the same mind with himself, pronounce sentence directly opposite. “ Sir,” said he with an impatience tinged with acidity, “ have you always been of that opinion?” “ I cannot answer,” replied Favonius, with great complacency and unconcern; “ I really cannot answer for past opinions.”

Now all this hesitation and variableness may proceed from an understanding and dispositions that are quick and sanguine; and which unduely influence both opinions and actions. A person so formed, not taking time enough to consider
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the chief illustrations and arguments that may be suggested on the subject of his deliberation, is swayed by those that are first presented; so that, when others of equal or superior validity engage his attention, he departs from his former judgment, or wavers between opposite views. In like manner, when he is to adopt a system of conduct, he does not act deliberately. Eager and impatient he sees nothing but encouragement; and never dreams of difficulty, or of any thing adverse. He thus begins precipitately; meets with opposition; is surprized, confounded, and depressed. The lowness of his depression is in proportion to his former alacrity; he sees no resources, and relinquishes his undertaking, mortified in his own mind, and the subject of jest to others.

Favonius added, in his reply to the angry critic, who persisted in remonstrating against the award, "that his judgments, in questions of
" that nature, varied with the views that might
" be presented to him; and that about their
" uniformity or consistency he felt himself very
" indifferent."—But he ought not to be indifferent. By his indecision, in some of the instances above-mentioned, he has incurred a good deal of expence; and by others, he has sustained a loss more momentous than that of money,—the loss of some precious time. He also endangers

his reputation; for the generality of mankind, prejudging his conduct in affairs of importance by his behaviour in smaller matters, will account him slight, irresolute, and inconsistent. What is still more to be dreaded, he may run some hazard of actually justifying beyond the power of excuse such suspicion or accusation. Hitherto indeed, his indecision is not very culpable; and need not be branded with any harsher appellation than levity. But he ought to beware; for we are so connected in society that it is difficult for us to perform many actions, or express many intentions, without affecting, more or less, the interests of others; without laying us under some obligations which we ought to discharge, or without exciting some expectation which humanity, if not justice, should compel us to gratify.

The fluctuating state of Favonius's mind is contrasted with the obstinacy of his neighbour Sir Anster. Whatever Sir Anster asserts, how ridiculous or how absurd soever, he adheres to with invincible pertinacity; and in whatever project he embarks, how unreasonable or unprofitable soever, he persists with unyielding perverseness. He said, the other evening, (to give an example in matters of trifling consequence,) that next day, he would ride some half dozen of miles to visit a friend. Next day the weather was so stormy

as to make it dangerous or very unpleasant to go on horseback. Nevertheless, he had resolved; and as "He was none of those weathercocks" that change their mind with the slightest "breath," he persisted in his resolution. His wife entreated, and his groom remonstrated; but to no sort of purpose. Go he would; and go he did; setting wind and rain and every angry element at defiance. Retarded on the road; arriving late at the house of his friend, who with his family had sat down to dinner, and having no time to dress, he rushed into the eating-room, wet, unexpected; and therefore, to the Lady of the house, a guest not very welcome.

As Favonius by his indecision, so, Sir Anster, by his obstinacy, is a loser of money, time, and reputation. Like Favonius he may incur still greater losses. Nor was it without uneasiness on the part of their friends, that the unsteadiness of the one, and the stubbornness of the other, had almost perverted their judgment, when on a trial of the utmost importance, they had as jurymen to give their verdict. Nor is it unamusing, or without use to remark, that though the symptoms of both these indispositions seem different, yet the same regimen or prescription may be of service in both.— Avoid precipitancy; have patience, Favonius!

and neither act nor speak till you have viewed the subject of your consideration, on every side, and in a variety of different lights. Be persuaded, Sir Anster, to observe a similar conduct. You will not thus be charged with stubborn obstinacy any more than your good-natured neighbour, if he follow the same advice, with fickleness or indecision.

Nº XX.

Ut in pestilentia curandum est, ne corruptis jam corporibus, et morbo flagrantibus assideamus, quia pericula trahemus, astatuque ipso laborabimus; ita in amicorum legendis ingenii dabimus operam ut quam minime inquinatos assumamus. SEN.

ERIC Edelman was the only son of Christiern Edelman, an eminent merchant in Copenhagen. His amiable dispositions and good understanding were improved by the advantages of a liberal education. But unfortunately, after finishing a course of such studies as were held not unsuitable to his condition, and about to enter into business with his father, he became connected with some young men of enticing but very dissolute manners. Among others, a person considerably older than himself named Geyssler, descended from a respectable family in Jutland, of agreeable appearance and insinuating address, but who had squandered away a large estate that had been left him by his parents, and had now no other means of subsistence but by play, in which he was very expert, became the principal friend of Eric. It is needless to enumerate the assiduities, flatteries, and plans of seduction that were contrived and employed to ensnare him. They were not very numerous. Gay, lively,

lively, unsuspicious, glowing with the passions, and elate with the arrogance and self-importance of youth, he became impatient of all control, and abandoned every worthy pursuit. The remonstrances of his father were ineffectual, and the traces of good instruction were altogether effaced. But though he became as profligate as any of his new associates, he had not acquired their dexterity in profligate arts and attainments. Seduced by their example, and corrupted by their impious maxims, he now became the dupe of their rapacious craft. His losses at play were great and frequent. His resources were soon exhausted. The slave of dissolute vices, without money, without credit, avoided by men of worth, and now despised by his mean and unfeeling associates, is it wonderful he should despair?

But his despondency was reprimanded by the seeming friendship of Geyser. “Go,” said he, “to your father. You are his only son. His wealth is immense. Your conduct is not more censurable than that of others. Or do you think your father himself was not in his youth as debauched, and as expensive as his fortune permitted? He must indeed be an unjust and unnatural parent, if he will not free you from your present embarrassment.”

Suffice it to say, that his father vexed at his follies, shocked with his enormities, and weary with
having

having frequently, and even to excess, supplied his extravagance, now not only refused him, but refused him with a severity which his conduct merited. The young man was incensed. His seducer justified, even praised his displeasure ; he called it spirit, and improved it into resentment. Resentment against a father !—But Geyssler had formed a dark and deep design to possess himself of Edelman's fortune. For this purpose he embraced the present opportunity of plying his inconsiderate son with extraordinary assiduity. He supplied him with as much money, from his own funds rapaciously accumulated, as enabled him to leave his father's family, and retire to Elfinore. " Conceal yourself there," said he, " for a little time, and I shall fall upon some method of his discharging your debts, and of enabling you to appear as unembarrassed, and with as much splendor as usual." Eric's gratitude was expressed with rapture ; and his false friend did not miss the opportunity of promoting his resentment against the venerable Christiern.

Young Edelman had not been many days at Elfinore when he received the following letter from Geyssler. " If I were childish enough, my dearest friend, to believe the fables of priests, I would say that a noble interposition of Providence in your behalf had now taken
" place.

“ place. I am this instant informed that your
“ inhuman father is suddenly dead; an apo-
“ plectic stroke did its duty in an instant.
“ Hasten then to meet me in the Birch-wood
“ at your father’s, rather your country house;
“ by the sea-side between Elfinore and Copen-
“ hagen. The old fellow is dead without a
“ will; so you are sole heir of his immense
“ estate. Hasten to meet me that we may
“ concert several things respecting your re-ap-
“ pearance in this metropolis. Your ever faith-
“ ful and affectionate Geyssler.”

This letter it must be acknowledged threw the heart of Eric into great agitation. He shed some tears, and felt some remorse. He read it again; and was folding it up with extreme emotion, when he received by express the following note from his friend. “I just now learn
“ that your father had given orders for having a
“ deed written by which you were to be disin-
“ herited; and your fortune bestowed on your
“ hypocritical cousin Henry. But thank your
“ stars, the old fool had not time to sign it.”

The resentment of Eric was thus renewed; and his imagination rioted in the prospect of unbounded opulence. He hastened to the place appointed; and the sight of an elegant house and gardens of which he now thought himself the sole proprietor, transported him with exultation,

“ Here,” said he, “ I shall have many a smart
“ party with Geyssler.”—Geyssler soon arrived;
but with a countenance clouded with seeming
anxiety and disappointment. Eric flew eagerly
to his embrace, and to receive his congratulation.
“ Nay,” said his artful associate, “ we
“ have been shamefully and most vilely deceived.
“ The report of your father’s death
“ was without foundation. It was invented
“ and circulated by himself; and with the base
“ intention of imposing upon me, so that I
“ might reveal your situation, and the place of
“ your concealment. He is now leagued with
“ your creditors; wishes you may languish out
“ your life in a jail; or go in a most dependent
“ condition to some Danish factory in the East
“ or West Indies. In the mean time he has
“ actually made the settlement I told you of;
“ and has declared your cousin Henry the heir
“ of his fortune.”—The various effects produced
by this guileful narrative on the mind of Eric
may easily be conceived. Need it be added, that
rage, envy, and revenge were the three furies that
scourged his heart?

But the skies and groves did not frown with
corresponding horror. The sky was serene;
and the sun was setting bright in the west. The
birch-wood was adorned with his rays, that
crowned with splendor the opposite mountains

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of Sweden. The intervening sea was calm; and a multitude of the vessels of all nations lay at anchor in the Sound. The father of Eric was then returning from Copenhagen, whose steeples and edifices were seen at a little distance. His intention was to pass the night at his charming villa, and derive from its peaceful retreat as much consolation as affliction for his son's misconduct would suffer him to enjoy. He was descryed at a little distance by the dissolute pair, who concealed themselves by the side of a thicket. He was walking slowly and alone by a solitary path, which he had reserved for his own convenience, that he might not be disturbed by carriages or passengers, as he went to or returned from the city.

It will readily occur to the intelligent reader, that the abandoned Geyssler was not unapprized of his coming. Nor need it be difficult to conceive, that he meant to profit by the frenzy of Eric's passions, and prompt him to desperate parricide. He might no doubt have perpetrated the crime himself; but he chose to have it done by the unhappy victim of his avarice, in order that being privy to his guilt he might for ever after detain him in bondage, and extort from him what he chose as the price of his silence. He accordingly represented to him that if his father were to be slain in the wood, it would
naturally

naturally be supposed, that he had been killed by the band of robbers which at this time infested Denmark, and particularly the island of Zealand. Yet incensed and furious though Eric was, his seducer had to encounter difficulty and hesitation, before he could prevail with him to grasp the sword which he offered him, and proceed to the bloody business.

With irresolute and trembling step, ferocious but timid look, eyes glaring with the horror of self-condemned resentment, and a heart wrung with conflicting passions, the youth advanced. His father saw him; shuddered, "Whence?" said he with faltering accent; "and what is your savage purpose?" Eric paused. "Pause not;" subjoined his father, now recovering from his amazement; "perpetrate the bloody deed; and free me from a life which your follies and vices have rendered miserable."—The sword fell from the hand of Eric. He threw himself at his father's feet, and hid his face on the ground. The seducer was seized with terror. He saw they would immediately be reconciled, and beheld in that reconciliation his own infamy and destruction. No other resource was left him; both father and son must perish. He fired a pistol; missed his aim; Eric started up at the noise; seized his sword; rushed upon the assassin who was drawing the trigger of another pistol;

pistol; plunged the steel in his heart; and had his own bosom at the same instant pierced with the fatal bullet. Geyfler died on the spot. But Eric languishing for several days afforded his father and other relations the sad consolation of hearing his confession, and witnessing his sincere and pious repentance. He said it afforded some relief to his sufferings, that "he had saved his father's life, and bequeathed him to the care of an affectionate and worthy cousin."

"In places afflicted by pestilence, we must be careful," says Seneca, "not to sit beside those who are tainted by the disease; since we may incur danger, and be infected by their very breath; so in choice of friends, we must beware of forming any connection with persons of corrupted manners."

N^o XXI.

———Oratio vultus animi est.

SEN.

MR. PHILANTHROPE.

THOUGH you promised to consecrate some of your lucubration to critical inquiry and remark; you have not, as it appears to me, given sufficient attention to oratorical composition. You ought to remember, that no species of composition, especially in this country, has a higher claim to respect. Other kinds, such as poetry and history, may be amusing; but oratory, besides contributing to our amusement, is highly useful, and enters into all the concerns, whether important or unimportant, of human life. Every man of any consideration in the British islands may become a member of parliament; and need I say, that to a Senator oratorical talents are or ought to be indispensable? Eloquence is important even at a county meeting, in all meetings and judicaries, independent of its utility in the pulpit and at the bar. Nay Sir, the man or the woman either, who has studied oratory, may distinguish themselves in conversation, and particularly in those fashionable

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able and highly valuable institutions of the moderns, denominated literary and political clubs. The Egyptians, it may be said, had no high opinion of oratory, and permitted no other pleadings in their courts of justice, than by written memorials; but what signify the Egyptians? The Lacedæmonians too, were not much addicted to long speeches; they, however, were no better than brutes; I had almost said savages. But savages are more civilized; and both practise and set a becoming value on the art of oratory; for among the Indians of America, according to Lafilan and Charlevoix, professional orators very often in their public assemblies rouse the spirit and direct the deliberations of their nation. The Roman Tribunes too, knowing the value of eloquence better than the Egyptians or Lacedæmonians, immediately after their institution, and notwithstanding the opposition of the Senate who well knew the importance of their demand, required and obtained the right of haranguing in all assemblies of the people, as well as the consuls; and of having, if they chose, the mighty privilege of the last word.

I am not sorry, however, that you have not engaged very far in oratorical criticism; for I will tell you frankly, I am not very sure that in your hands it would flourish. It is indeed, no favorable

able symptom of your sagacity on this subject, that you seem so much attached to the antients. You will please, Sir, to be informed, that in oratorical exertion, the antients are greatly inferior to the moderns; and therefore by fair inference, a modern critic who admires Cicero, and Demosthenes, and Quintilian, either as speakers or teachers of public-speaking, is not to be accounted deep.—For example, the first of those writers informs us with no small solemnity, and his maxim is repeated by Fenelon, with equal gravity, that no one can be an eminent orator who is not a *good man*. Palpable nonsense! As if a man's villainy or integrity could influence his elocution! I have heard indeed, that there is a becoming boldness in conscious truth; an earnestness in good intention; a determination in unyielding integrity; and sympathetic energy in the language of sincere affection; that melt the heart, and compel the judgment. But I consider all this as mere rant, hypocrisy, and affectation. If it was true with Cicero, I am sure it was not so with Cæsar; and though in our own country I have heard, that an anxious client could have discerned even in the fluent Murray, when he pleaded at the bar, a tendency to falter, if notwithstanding the assurances he might have given his employer, he was not himself satisfied with the justice of

his cause; yet the doctrine itself is contrary to general experience. Observe some modern and greatly enlightened orators; and say, if you really can, that truth is more glib than unprincipled effrontery, or more outrageous than disappointed ambition, or more assured than fanatical folly. Who can better varnish a deceitful tale, than he whose interest it is to varnish?

Another idle maxim of your antient critics is, that an orator, at least in his introduction, should be, or affect to be very *modest*; and accordingly the great Roman orator is at pains to inform us in some of his orations, particularly in his pleading for King Deiotarus, that he was shaking from head to foot. The world, however, must have been very young indeed, when such a maxim, or such consequent practice, could have had any advantageous effect. The moderns know better things. They well know that a man should think well of himself; and inform his audience too that they should think well of him. He must tell them, and not very indirectly, that he will yield to no man in requisite qualifications; and that if they do not believe what he says, and do as he desires them, they are good for nothing, and must be ruined. You may observe on all occasions whatever, that your bold, dashing, and forward fellow, impresses every one with a favorable opinion of his

his spirit and abilities; while your diffident and respectful man of modesty, though he speak the sense of a sage, is never listened to nor regarded. Depend upon it, that with proper management, egotism is a very graceful and commanding figure; in so much that I have been surprized our modern Rhetoricians have not given it a place in their catalogue of powerful tropes. I have seen an orator, who understood its full and proper use, interest and arrest the attention of a numerous and gaping audience, with the narrative of his whole life and conversation; telling them with great effect, how he managed his go-cart when a boy, and how many yards he could leap when a young man at college.—Not only must our accomplished orator—for having got into the train, I shall go on with some directions for the benefit of young practitioners in elocution; and which will be more useful than any thing you can advance from any theory on the subject; because they are derived from a close attention to the conduct of some modern orators.—Not only must our accomplished orator speak, howsoever he may think on the subject, as favorably as he can of himself, but must do all in his power to vilify and degrade his opponent. This part of his conduct, however, very necessary in itself, though not very consistent with the character of Cicero's orator

Good-man, must be managed with great address. Modern manners render this situation of an orator more difficult and even dangerous than among the antients; for a speaker of consummate ability, and due consciousness of his ability, and due dislike of his adversary, dare not, so safely as formerly, at Rome and Athens traduce and rail at him.

Another thing to which an ambitious orator ought to be particularly attentive, though I do not find it mentioned by antient critics, is to flur over, and make light of the powerful or invincible arguments of an opponent; or so pervert and misconstrue their meaning, if he be obliged to observe them, as effectually to destroy their force. It is often expedient, in such a situation, to use the utmost boldness; and with a masterly command of features, and much apparent contempt, to treat them as insignificant. For as the generality of audiences are more easily captivated with an orator's tones, looks, gesture, and fluency, than with any thing else; this sort of arrogant and supercilious neglect being reckoned an indication of conscious superiority, will be more effectual, in all probability, than the most elaborate refutation.—I would also recommend, as the counterpart of this direction, what I have often seen very successfully practised by ingenious speakers, namely,
to

to make a dexterous use of the really weak or inferior parts of an adversary's pleading. This is done, not by treating them as weak, but the contrary. Bring them forward into view; lay great stress upon them; say they are very formidable indeed; that they deserve very particular notice; and that the determination of the cause hinges upon them: then, with an appearance of profound sagacity, give them a full refutation. This will impress your audience both with a mean opinion of your opponent's talents, whose weightiest reasonings were so easily overthrown; and with a favorable opinion of your own candour and condescension in giving such trifling arguments, so much attention. You may then go on, as already suggested, to slur over, and undervalue, arguments of real weight.

I reserve for another communication some other directions equally important with the preceding; and founded not only on principles in human nature, but on the practice of eminent speakers. Persuading myself at the same time, that you, fully aware of their value and tendency, will communicate them on an early day to your readers,

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient and

Most humble servant,

M 4

PAROLLES.

N° XXII.

Ubiunque videris orationem corruptam placere, ibi mores quoque a recto descivisse non erit dubium. SEN.

MR. PHILANTHROPE.

NOT chusing that any other subject should interrupt the train of my directions on the practice of oratory; and having some consideration for the impatience of your readers to receive them; I lose no time in sending you the remainder.

Although, as you may have already observed, I have no high opinion of antient critics, especially on the subject of oratory; yet I am well aware, that antient authors are much respected; and therefore, that it tends greatly to impress an audience, especially an ignorant audience, with a high opinion of an orator's understanding, if he seem deeply versed in the literature of the antients. He ought to quote unreservedly, from Latin, and sometimes from Greek authors; and such quotation will come in very seasonably, when he has nothing else to say on an argument. I remember to have been present at a popular political meeting, when a young orator was going on in a vehement career of declamation,
to

to the great admiration of the gaping weavers and taylors who heard him; till all at once, by some unfortunate dereliction of mind, he made a full stop; his partizans were thrown into the utmost anxiety; and the consequence must have been fatal to his reputation, had not a friend whispered to him across the table to say something about Julius Cæsar. In an instant he recovered his utterance, roaring out a passage, I believe it was no other than "O tempora! O mores! O the times! and the manners!" from one of Cicero's orations; and going on with one absurd quotation, after another, diversified with applications no less absurd, he sat down at length amid a storm of applause. But though the appearance of learning may be sometimes useful, you may collect from the foregoing fact, that the profound study of antiquity need not prolong your vigils. Get a few passages by heart, the mottos, for example, of the Spectator or Rambler; by the way, mottos to such papers, if they are short, are good for that very purpose; or make yourself master of some names and stories in the historical part of a Latin dictionary; nor is it needful to go any deeper. Be sure, however, in your application of such passages, or in any attempts to shew your reading and erudition, to commit no palpable blunder, because a laugh raised against
you

you for some egregious mistake of that sort, whether the subject were antient or modern, might blast your reputation for ever. Hence it was that an orator of my acquaintance had almost ruined himself, when pleading about a vessel that was wrecked on the Scilly islands, he cried out with great emphasis, "who has not heard of the *Scylla* and *Carybdis* of the antients!"—In like manner, when another pleader wanted to insinuate that his opponent in the cause was somewhat hypocritical, he made *himself* ridiculous by mentioning as he thought very silly the *Tartuff* of Terence.—Be particularly careful not to confound the genders. A plausible young man who might in time have become a special orator, did himself irreparable mischief, when endeavouring to prepossess a susceptible judge in favor of a young Lady who was his client, he roared out in a transport of extacy, that for "personal attraction and beauty, she was a perfect *Adonis*."—But nothing was ever more lamentable than the declamation of even an experienced orator, on the advantages or disadvantages which Europe had derived from the "Crusade undertaken for the recovery of the golden fleece, by the Emperor Charles the Twelfth of Sweden."

Additionally to what was formerly said, I must mention another particular, in which Cicero,

Cicero, Quintilian, and their followers, have been greatly mistaken. They make a mighty coil about method and arrangement, and cry up the virtues of perspicuity and lucid order. I say on the contrary to my disciples; but I say it in a whisper, "Be obscure." It is really astonishing, that men who know any thing about the power of eloquence, and were sincere in their instruction, should recommend perspicuity. In a mathematical demonstration, or in a poem; sometimes too, though not always in a metaphysical discussion, perspicuity may be of use; but in oratory, the perspicuous orator is guilty of suicide. What else does he, but enable his adversary to trace him through all his intricate mazes; to unravel the whole thread of his argument; and dropping my figurative language, to detect, refute, and expose? I say to my disciples, "Be obscure!" and set the counter-orator, who would give your argument a fair statement, at utter defiance. So, when he mistakes or misstates your view, it has a fine effect, with a contemptuous or angry look, to cry out, or whisper so loud as to be heard, "that, he does not understand your reasoning," or "that he wishes to mislead the court." At any rate, if you have not been understood, he will never refute you. Besides, as in the case of Latin and Greek quotation, the obscurity of a speech, whether

whether sacred or profane, has a wonderful effect to alarm, appal, and electrify a proper audience. Nay, I have sometimes suspected that Cicero himself was not altogether honest, in his cry about perspicuity; for I confess that some of his pleadings seem to possess a most laudable degree of obscurity. Have we not heard too, that Oliver Cromwell was an obscure and confused speaker? And what orator of Greece or Rome was ever more convincing, and more persuasive, at least, more successful?

On the present occasion, when deeply impressed with a sense of the great importance of my instructions to the rising orators of Great Britain and Ireland, I must speak openly and with real candour. I will therefore very frankly acknowledge, that I have met with one direction in Cicero that pleases me much; and is perfectly in the spirit of my own admonition. He tells us, that though vanquished in an argument, the true orator, the *good man*, should never seem to be vanquished; but to retreat with the face of a conqueror. This is masterly; and shews great skill in oratorical tactics.—In a similar view, I would recommend some other observances to the erudite and accomplished orator. Be sure, during the time your adversary is speaking, to possess yourself; that is to say, assume the utmost command of face. For
this

this purpose, you may occasionally seem asleep; or when he is very vehement, or very convincing, you may yawn, or look contemptuously or sneeringly; or as not in the least degree moved or impressed. Such indifference may damp your opponent, if he be any thing raw; and may have as powerful an effect as any argument you can employ, in lessening him with his audience. If he pretend to be witty, never laugh; or if you smile at his jokes, let it be with contempt. Sometimes, though it must not be frequently practised, if he be going on in a very sublime or pathetic strain, or seem to make great impression, you may contrive by crying out "to order," or by giving him some interruption, either to disconcert the speaker, or divert and destroy the susceptible mood of his hearers.

I trust, Sir, that these directions will be useful to our rising orators. If they do not practise them, let them practise an opposite conduct—at their peril. They will soon see, whether my maxims or theirs, be most beneficial. Certain it is, that mine are most in vogue. Adieu,

PAROLLES.

I WILL make no comment on these directions. I am under the necessity, however of remarking,
that

that my correspondent takes more liberty with me, than, as editor of these papers, is altogether decorous. It is usual with periodical moralists to be addressed by their correspondents with a certain degree of respect. Much however is to be allowed in favor of plain-dealing; and as I persuade myself that the letter-writer is as sincere in his censure of me as in his directions, I shall, for sincerity's sake, forgive him.

N^o XXIII.

Laudem adolescentis propinqui existimo etiam ad meum
aliquem fructum redundare. C1C.

S I R,

I AM an old man, and if I should discover weakness in this communication, I persuade myself you will think me entitled to some indulgence.

I left England at an early time of life. Being the younger son of a respectable family, more respectable, however, for many other qualities than for their wealth; as soon as the education reckoned necessary for the business I was to follow was completed, I was sent abroad. I lived many years in the West Indies, and by indefatigable diligence in a medical profession, and by engaging afterwards to considerable extent in commerce, I gained even more than a sufficient competency. Returning to my native country I thought of enjoying the rest of my days in the happiness of an easy retirement.

I was never married; and though I certainly could form no resolution against a condition so honorable as that of marriage, yet my life passed

away in a state of celibacy. I was not indeed without some relations very nearly connected with me, whom I might adopt as my children, and to whom I might leave my fortune. I had a nephew, the son of an only sister, who by a strong resemblance to his mother, whom I loved dearly, and who died a few months after my return from abroad, drew a great share of my attention: and who indeed, in a short time, by the excellent qualities of his own character, engaged much of my affection. The boy really deserved it; he was docile, gentle, and possessed, as I believed, of considerable talents. As he had no fortune, for his father, who was a clergyman, had died some years before, I took him into my family and resolved to be to him as a father. As he grew up, I found my attachment to him increase. He was of a literary turn. Nor was this very different from my own early disposition. I was always attached to literature; and even after my manner of life seemed to leave me little leisure for such employment, I found time to read Virgil and Horace; and derived much amusement, and perhaps improvement, from Milton, Shakespeare, and Addison.

Finding my nephew's understanding grow apace; and that his powers of taste and of fancy were acquiring uncommon vigour, I had great pleasure in his conversation. Alas! that pleasure

sure now costs me dear. The books we formerly perused together revive in me a thousand sad recollections. Those parts of my fields which he chiefly admired, which had derived embellishments from his excellent judgment, and where he used to wander many a morning by sun-rise, and many an evening by moonlight, I can no longer endure. But all this must be borne. I was indeed prepared, in some measure, for the mournful event that has befallen me. For, Sir, he is no more. I, who expected that affectionate office from him, saw him laid in his grave. I am left alone, incapable of any delight, but that of remembering him.

He was of an elegant form, and of a delicate constitution. Yet the delicacy of his frame was not more than that of his mind. He had too much sensibility, which considerably allayed the pleasure I received in his company, and which, I am afraid, contributed somewhat to his death. He seemed to feel the situation in which he was placed, with a refinement of feeling by far too exquisite.—
“ He was not my son ; all my care of him was
“ the effect of goodness ; and though he might
“ have some claim to my protection, he had none
“ to an affection so strongly marked.”—A sense of these things produced in his mind the liveliest gratitude : I am confident he esteemed me ; I am even confident that I had a great share of

his friendship. But, Sir, his sense of duty was too apparent; he was too solicitous not to offend me; and his whole deportment was governed by excessive shyness. He never approached me but with respect. He was so regular and correct, he laid no claim to indulgence. I have almost wished that he had been froward, and had needed rebuke. Heaven knows I would not have rebuked, unless for the pleasure of forgiving him; I had almost said rewarding his fault, had he ever been faulty. But though his reserve and extreme attention gave me real uneasiness, he was never morose nor sullen. Though sometimes thoughtful, he was naturally good-humoured; and occasionally gay. He embraced every opportunity I offered him of rendering himself agreeable; he was never silent when he thought I wished him to speak; and always gave me his company when he thought I desired it. Yet he was so loth to appear intrusive, that his intimacy and friendly communications seemed less the effect of his own inclination, than of compliance with mine. I avoided as much as possible, every appearance that could let him feel his dependence; and this very conduct, I am afraid, though proceeding from the best intentions, contributed to his shyness. He saw, for he had indeed too much sensibility, what he conceived to be the delicacy of my behaviour;

haviour; he thus imposed upon himself additional obligation; and became, of consequence, still more reserved and diffident. What also tended not a little to this disposition, was a natural or habitual shyness in my own demeanor. I could not, in spite of my wishes, with blunt, but kindly assault, break down the fences of his reserve; nor with frank raillery and jocular reproof, banter him into easier familiarity.—Indeed, Sir, it is not too much fondness for my poor Chesterwold, which makes me imagine that my mind bore some resemblance to his. It is really as I have told you. My temper was naturally reserved; and having been removed early in life from those in whom I could have placed the most entire confidence, this inherent shyness of disposition increased.

In this manner, with warm affection for one another, the highest esteem, strong inclination to oblige, great pleasure in one another's company, and without any offence either given or received, we really were never intimate.—O! Sir, is there no time, is there no region in this vast universe, where spirits that wish to be united shall be blessed with intimate union? Shall those barriers, often barriers of fancy, that obstruct the genuine and abundant flow of feeling and of affection, in no state be removed? Capable of conceiving this great felicity, is it

decreed, that in no situation, whether present or future, we shall ever be capable of enjoying it? If so, who is the author of such decrees? A benevolent, omnipotent Being? I will not say so. Our feelings claim another state of existence; and he who fashioned us with exquisite organs, will give room for their use, and for enjoying their operation.

But, Sir, to return to my narrative; and I will not be tedious. The events I have to relate are not important; but to me. And to me they are most important. My poor Chesterwold was exerting himself with great ability and application to render himself conspicuous in a literary profession; for he chose to have some employment in society; though he knew that the fortune I intended to leave him would render him, not only independent, but affluent; and was on the point of finishing his preparatory studies. He was just about being called to the bar, when he began to languish. My fears were alarmed. Every aid was solicited, and every consolation administered. But the attention of affection and the power of medicine were baffled. He was sensible of his situation. "I must leave you," he said to me, one day as I sat by his bedside. "You have been to me as a parent; and had I lived, I would have endeavoured, more fully than I have been hitherto able, to
" express

"express my gratitude and my regard." He clasped my hand; looked at me with earnestness, and saw the tears which I could not conceal. "Heaven," said he, "will afford you "comfort;" and in his eye also the dew of tenderness glistened. At that instant a clergyman, who was intimate in our family, entered the room. He was a good man. He saw our condition. He said nothing; but taking me gently by the arm, he led me to the door; and then returned to my nephew. In a few days after, I was left as I now am, desolate and alone.

Some time after the funeral, I happened to find some papers in my nephew's hand-writing, deposited carefully in his book-room. They contain some Poems and Essays. I may perhaps over-rate their merit; yet, I think they would do your Miscellany no discredit; and if you gave them a place in it, you would afford me some consolation.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

H. B.

AGREEABLY to the wishes of this correspondent, I shall hold myself indebted for the four Numbers immediately following, to the pen of his lamented kinsman.

N° XXIV.

Permittes ipsis expendere Numinibus, quid

Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.

Juv.

OSREIDAN of Damascus was a heretic of the sect of Kadir, who believe in the freedom of the human will, and that good works are essential to the attainment of future happiness*. Venerable for age and integrity, he was drawing nigh unto death. By the slow, yet progressive and perceptible decay of his vital powers, he felt his dissolution approaching. Affected, but not weakly affected, with the prospect of bidding adieu for ever to all earthly enjoyments, he retired into a lonely grove by the margin of the river Abana; and considering himself as soon about to appear in the presence of Allah and his holy prophet, he pondered the past events of his life. Solemn silence prevailed; the stream flowed gently, and without any noise; the shade from surrounding poplars became so gloomy as to seem præter-natural; veneration and awe seized the soul of Osreidan. "Holy Allah!" he exclaimed, "before whom I am soon to ap-

* Rycaut.

"pear,

“pear, let my departure be tranquil, and may
“thy favor receive me!”

A sudden light beamed around him. It flowed from the snow-white raiment, and shining tresses of a spirit, that in the form of a man addressed him. “Be of good cheer!” said the gentle visitant. “I am thy genius, the guardian of thy life, the witness, and as far as was given me, and as far as the freedom of thy will permitted, the director of all thine actions. I have heard thy sincere effusion; and am commissioned, in consideration of thine integrity, of thy piety, and of thy mercy, to animate at thy parting hour, and instruct thy devotion. Lift up thy soul to the Ruler and Creator of all things; and pour out the tribute of thanksgiving *for all that has ever befallen thee.*”

“Alas!” said Osfreidan; “my heart recoils from that awful office. I have never hitherto, from servile fear, nor will I now, at the close of life, disguise the thoughts of my soul. I will not feign a gratitude I cannot feel; nor appear before my Judge and his holy prophet, with base prostration, and the homage of lying lips. I will thank him for the good he has rendered me; for the cup of prosperity which I have held; for the robe of honor which I have worn; and these hoary locks of
reverted

“revered old age; but I cannot thank him for
“*evil.*”

The genius, with a smile of softness, replied;
“No real evil hath ever befallen thee.”—
“How!” answered Osreidan, with surprize
bordering on indignation; “when my son, my
“only child, the youthful and bold Albazan,
“whose stature was like mount Taurus; and
“whose fame saluted me, like the breath of
“Arabian odour; when Albazan perished, did
“I not feel as a father? and did I feel no
“pain?”—“Wouldst thou not rather,” said the
genius, “that thy son, unseduced by corruption,
“and unassailed by disgrace, should have died
“in the morning of life extolled and lament-
“ed, than that he should have suffered, in
“the noontide of his age, the infamy and
“the punishment due to enormous guilt?”—
“Would Albazan,” exclaimed the father;
“would Albazan have stooped to guilt? His
“soul was pure as the empyreal sky; and as
“the brilliant stars that diversify its expanse,
“were his numerous and splendid virtues.”

“Tell me what thou beholdest,” said the
friend of Osreidan.—He saw, in the spirit of
vision, a young man of prepossessing appearance,
By the rapidity and intuition of the præter-na-
tural mood, he saw him ascending the heights of
Honor diversified as they seemed, with groves,
temples,

temples, triumphant arches, and obelisks inscribed with everlasting characters. He saw him assailed by a troop of *Temptations*. The phantoms were of various shapes, and their appearances shifting. They displayed to the sprightly but devoted youth, cozened by magic spells, the pomp of illustrious attendance, the glare of the gorgeous banquet, the domes of the lofty palace, the seduction of smiling maids; they subdued and enslaved him. For deviating from his upward course, he followed his gay enticers, and descended imperceptibly into the mazes of *Error*. The winding path was bordered with shrubs and flowers; and was frequently darkened or overshadowed with fragrant groves. Ever and anon he partook of the delicious fruit that from the neighbouring branches enticed him. But instead of refreshing, they made him weak, and nevertheless, promoted unquenchable thirst. He then drank of a meandering stream that crept gently beside him. But the muddy stream of *Corruption*, instead of relieving, fevered, or rendered him still more languid. He looked up with a sigh to the mountain of *Honor*; but he had strayed so far around that in his languor, he could not think of returning; and the side now exposed to his view was a rugged and unsurmountable precipice. Faint and hopeless he retired for respite
into

into an adjoining tent, garnished with flaunting banners, and glittering with the unreal appearance of gold and precious stones. He knew not, alas! the recess and the retirement of *Falsehood*. Reclining on silken couches, the couches of *Vain-enjoyment*; he drew around him curtains embroidered with various colours, the curtains of *Self-deceit*; and was lulled to repose by the tinkling cymbal of *Folly*. Short were the slumbers of his witless rest. He was waked by the croaking of *Infamy*, a large and præter-natural raven, whose braying noise shook the rocks and the groves; and was devoured by an enormous Crocodile, that had watched him as he entered the maze, and had lurked by the noiseless stream.

“Thou beholdest,” continued the genius,
“the lot of thy lamented son, had not the angel
“of death, by the shaft of sudden and unexpected distemper, prevented his guilty shame.
“Stupified by dissipation, and ensnared by *Falsehood*, he would not have been roused from his
“vicious indulgence, but by the peal of *Infamy*,
“and the gripe of *Destruction*. Sorrow for his
“crimes and his sufferings, would have blasted
“the strength of his father’s mind, and rendered him incapable of virtuous exertion. Be
“thankful for the death of thy son!”

The

The aged cheek of Ofreidan was bathed in a flood of tears. He wept bitterly; and for a space, the anguish of his grief was silent. At length, in interrupted accents—"Why did I ever exist? Or why was I hailed with the name of father? But the will of Allah be done! He, whose arm is almighty, and whose blessedness is unimpaired, can never injure, nor without a cause, afflict the least of his creatures. The will of Allah be done!"

The countenance of the genius was for a moment bedimmed; and his visage seemed indistinct. But his form remained; and in an instant recovered its brightness. His eye was rekindled with the purest intelligence; and the smile that played on his lip was of the kindest benignity. He had withdrawn from Ofreidan, and had left his assumed appearance behind him. With a celerity transcending all human conception, he had arisen to the sapphire throne; and had presented himself, for further instruction, before the Antient of Days. He had then returned; reanimated his human appearance; and resuming his speech in tones of soft consolation, "I am permitted," he said, "as the recompense of thine humility, of thy just, rational, and meek resignation, to reveal a part, so far at least as thou art able to understand, of an awful mystery.—Thy son was called into existence

“istence for the discharge of important func-
“tions; and to share, in process of time, and
“after various changes, the supremest happi-
“ness that man can enjoy,—the happiness arising
“from his powers and virtues. Some part of
“his office he has already performed; for he
“has afforded exercise to those virtues of thine,
“which by having been proved, and by having
“received their proper exercise, shall in the
“sequel exalt thy nature. Having done so,
“and not having sufficient powers to oppose
“the perils that must as thy son have assailed
“him, he has been called, in consideration of
“the merit he had already acquired, and by the
“mercy of Heaven, to the trials of a new con-
“dition. He is exposed again to temptation.
“But aided by the counsels, and by the habits
“of early life, though he is at present uncon-
“scious of the sources from which his assistance
“flows, he has power to oppose them. He will
“thus acquire still higher endowments; and be
“enabled to combat even fiercer temptations,
“fiercer and more seducing than those which the
“vision shadowed. Renovation of life, the rein-
“stated memory of past events, renewal and in-
“crease of affection, in ways too mysterious for
“human conception, shall in another state be the
“portion of both father and son. For to intel-
“ligent beings death is not the close, but the
“means

“ means of awful and important variety in their
“ mode of existence.”

“ But,” said Ofreidan emboldened by the
condescension of his celestial friend, “ could
“ not this have been accomplished without the
“ smallest intermixture of evil ?”—“ What pro-
“ portion,” answered the genius, “ what pro-
“ portion can you establish between an instant
“ of time, and a million of ages ? What pro-
“ portion can you establish between the smallest
“ drop of dew that hangs on the point of the
“ finest needle employed by the maidens of
“ Casimer in the needle-work of their queen,
“ and the waters of the mighty deep ? Far less the
“ proportion of the present life to the duration
“ of future existence. Thy sufferings will va-
“ nish from thy remembrance as the white
“ vapour on the breast of the sky dispersed by
“ the blazing sun. Consider too, that if the
“ suffering thou accountest painful, transient
“ as it must seem, shall become the means of
“ securing, exalting, and improving the relish
“ of thy future enjoyments, as the spices of
“ Java improve the feast of the Caliph, what
“ thou pronounceest suffering is no longer to be
“ accounted evil.”

The genius disappeared. All remembrance
of the facts and sayings that occurred in his
visitation was instantly effaced from the mind of
Ofreidan.

Osfreidan. He seemed to have had a vision; but could not tell what it was. Yet its parting gleam had been bright and delightful. He felt its benign effects; for the remaining days of his life were soothed with complacency, with good will to mankind, consolation, and peace.

The writing of the vision was afterwards revealed to the Hermit of Carmel, who was also a Kadarite; and by him set forth in a book for the consolation and hope of the faithful.

Nº XXV.

Mens erit apta capi tunc, cum lætissima rerum,
 Ut feges in pingui luxuriabit humo.

OVID.

MELANCHOLY is of different kinds. One arises from the disappointment of pride, avarice, or ambition; but chiefly from disappointed pride. Congenial with discontent, chagrine, and ill-humour, it is altogether unlovely and unloving. It occasions hatred of mankind; renders us incapable of any enjoyment; and unless timely corrected, may terminate in fatal despondency.

Another kind of Melancholy arises from observing and reflecting upon the imperfections of human nature, the uncertainty and imperfection of human happiness. It induces a thoughtful habit; corrects aspiring hopes; and though it incline men to reserve and solitude, it does not generate moroseness of disposition, or indifference to the interests of others, or disinclination to give them aid. It may lead those who are subject to its influence, not to hate, but to avoid mankind, because it is allied to tastes and wishes that cannot be gratified in the usual intercourse of society. It may occasion regret; and provoke a sigh: but against the human race indiscriminately

criminally never feels or expresses scorn, never indulges resentment, or gives vent to invective.

The distinction now stated gave occasion to the following verses. At the same time, the reader of discernment and sensibility will soon perceive, that some of the views suggested, respect the uncertainty rather than the imperfection of human happiness.

ADDRESS TO MELANCHOLY.

I.

How shall I woo thee, lovely maid!
 Of pensive air, in dusky stole array'd,
 With flowing train that graceful sweeps the ground,
 Thy brow with wreath of cypress bound,
 And with a veil of sable lawn
 O'er thine expressive features drawn,
 How shall I hail, and call thee to mine aid?
 Shall th' obedient lyre prolong
 With solemn cadence th' elegiac song,
 That slowly moves with unaffected grace?
 O Melancholy, such thy thoughtful pace!
 Or rather shall my numbers rise
 Various, as from the venerable fane,
 The holy, sacerdotal train
 With transporting ecstasies,
 Invoke the sacred powers that dwell
 In fragrant fields of asphodel.

II. Now

II.

Now leave me, Mirth! nor with alluring leer
To me thy gaudy form present;
Nor in my lonely path appear
With flaunting air, and soothing blandishment;
Nor trimly twin'd with flowerets gay,
Cast thy chaplet in my way.
Thy boasted joys are not divine;
For tho' with brilliancy they shine,
At once they vanish; as 'mid ev'ning skies
The flashing meteor glows, and dies.—
Lead me, meek-ey'd Melancholy!
Far from the resort of folly;
Oft at twilight's sober hour
Lur'd by Fancy's charming power,
Let my duteous steps, and slow
To silent shades and lone recesses go!

III.

Fancy listens to my lay;
Shrouds, in her dusky pall, th' expiring day!
Anon, athwart the lurid skies,
Slowly the deep, congenial glooms arise;
The lonely moan of the forlorn
On the slow, pausing breath of midnight borne,
Flows from the visionary vale!
Seen by the livid gleam of fear,
Dimly-featur'd shapes appear
And Melancholy's slow-puls'd heart affail.

o

Glaring

Glaring Fiends! and spectres gaunt!
That from the gulf of horror rise, avaunt!
No, not to such terrific forms as these!
But to thoughts that sadly please;
To such I yield, as to consenting hearts
Soft-ey'd Sympathy imparts.

IV.

Here a lofty castle rose!
Court and hall and turret rung
Loud with merriment and song.
From the sparkling chalice flows
The flood of care-dispelling wine.
Lo! the gilded ceilings shine
With many a taper blazing bright,
While the gorgeous train advance,
Mingling in the measur'd dance,
And mirth, and laughter, and delight—
Bid the festal blifs abound,
And the joyous song resound.
But unforeseen, in evil hour,
Mischance with overwhelming power,
Frown'd!—The pleasures haste away!
Dance and song and pastime gay
Quit the desolated hall.
In ruins now the fractur'd columns fall;
Now where the storied tap'stry hung;
The rank weed waves, and ivy creeps along;
And from the rampires thro' the starless sky
The screech-owl frightens night with her bewailing cry.

V. Tall

V.

Tall by that river rose an oak,
And gave his branches to the buxom air ;
And many a feather'd warbler there,
At rising or declining day,
Carrol'd the melodious lay.

But lo ! the shelt'ring boughs are broke.
No more beneath their hospitable shade,
The rural train securely laid,
Avoid the sun's meridian flame ;
On furious wing the whirlwind came ;
And rag'd, and with tremendous sound,
Hurl'd the lamented ruin to the ground.

" Meet emblem !" will the minstrel say,
Who sighs and pours the plaintive lay ;
And bending o'er the sculptur'd urn,
Invokes the tuneful Nine to mourn ;
" Meet emblem !" will the minstrel say ;
And sigh and pour the plaintive lay ;
And grieve that merit cannot save
From dire disease and an untimely grave.

VI.

Now I tread, or seem to tread
The dreary mansions of the dead !
Silent and still the sleeper lies ;
Clos'd, for ever clos'd his eyes !

Moulders here the lovely face,
Erewhile array'd with winning grace;
The powerful limb, the stately form,
The prey, ah me! of the devouring worm.
Hither turn thee, lofty Pride!
Turn, and for a moment deign
To lay thy witless scorn aside,
And glance oblique of insolent disdain.
Here the high-born and the brave,
The wise, the beauteous, and the strong,
An undistinguish'd throng,
Are laid together in the wasteful grave;
Clos'd, for ever clos'd their eyes!—
Till the day-spring shall arise,
Till the final morn unfold
Her orient portal bright with gold;
Usher the beams of everlasting light;
Annihilate the powers of night;
Burst the fetters of the tomb;
And summon all that sleep to their eternal doom.

VII.

Melancholy, ever mild,
Reflection's sober-minded child!
Not the fell power on deeds of frenzy bent,
Th' offspring of pride and discontent,
Foster'd by capricious spleen,
Of louring brow and hagg'd mien,
Whose dire suggestion would controul
The prowess of th' aspiring soul;

Whose

Whose witching eye and mutter'd spell
 Can in her chain ev'n reason's might compel;
 And often to the grasp of wild despair,
 Commits with ranc'rous smile, the blood-stain'd dagger
 O Melancholy! ever mild, [bare!—
 Reflection's sober-minded child,
 By Tenderness his gentle spouse,
 To whom he breath'd his faithful vows;
 Fair Virgin! that in early youth
 Devoted to the love of truth,
 With thoughtful zeal, would often climb
 The hermit Contemplation's hight sublime,
 And thence with calm discerning eye,
 The various paths of life descry,
 As in the mazy vale below
 They led to happiness or woe;
 Then would with native diffidence retire
 To the deep sequester'd dells,
 Where in Elysian calm, Reflection dwells,
 And explanation ask of thine enlighten'd Sire:
 Thy other parent all the while
 Dispensing with a lenient smile,
 Sweet dispositions to thy heart:
 Until she bade thee, soft-ey'd angel, go,
 And mingle in the scenes of human woe;
 And wisdom to th' ingenuous mind impart.

VIII.

Gentle Spirit! if to thee
 I rightly pour my votive minstrelsy,
 Whene'er within my beating breast,
 Unruly passions would disturb my rest,

Chiefly when my feet resort
To lively Mirth's alluring court,
Let thy secret influence find
My bosom to thy lore inclin'd:
Teach me how to prize aright
The fleeting objects of delight:
Counsel of thee my conscious heart inquires:
Quench not, but duly temper my desires.

N^o XXVI.

Hoc opus meum est, hæc cogitatio, imponere veteribus
malis finem.

SEN.

MEN are apt to complain, that the gifts of fortune are unjustly or unequally distributed. In the reveries of inexperience or the reflections of early life, we think many are wealthy who ought not to be so, and many in indigence who ought to be wealthy; we see persons distinguished who have no right to distinction, and men, who ought to be honored, depressed in obscurity. Hence we ask, with some peevishness, “Have
“ not all men similar appetites, similar tastes,
“ and desires? Are not all men equally capable
“ of enjoying felicity? Why then should the
“ means of gratifying desire, and of possessing
“ happiness, be allowed to some and denied to
“ others? Has nature interposed, and granted
“ a charter of power, and privileges of peculiar
“ indulgence, to her selected favourites? Like a
“ capricious despot, has she her minions, persons
“ chosen by her, independent of their merits,
“ to be the envied objects of her injudicious
“ favor and blameable partiality?”

Moved by these considerations, such speculatists as we have mentioned have thought that the abolition of all distinctions, whether of wealth or of grandeur, would lead to a more natural arrangement, and be more conducive to the welfare of human society. Requiring that all differences, but those founded on merit, should be annulled, they insist in behalf of their system, that many of the vices that infest mankind would in this manner be for ever precluded. We should enjoy immunity from avarice; from pride, arrogance, and all the hated pretensions of insolent superiority; nor should we be any longer disgusted with the discontent, the meanness and spiteful sorrows of poverty. We should be free from the envy, the malignity, and contention, that subsist among the rich and the poor, or between them. The undue practices of ambition, vicious emulation, and the love of gain, would be for ever unknown.

Against this system, however, even though the observations now expressed be fully admitted, very powerful objections may be opposed.—In particular, we are not to suppose, that every situation or enjoyment, of which we are capable of forming an image or ideal representation, is the most proper for us, and for beings formed and fashioned as we are. A community, or rather an equality of goods; the other equalities
that

that must ensue; freedom from ambition and avarice, freedom from the cares, discontent, insolence, envy, and anxiety that arise from avarice and ambition, may constitute a situation excellent and happy in itself; but the situation is not for *us*; it is not fit or proper for the present condition of human nature.

I hear it instantly urged, "Is not happiness the object of all our wishes, the excitement to all our pursuits, our Being's 'end and aim?' Are we not formed for the enjoyment of happiness? Is not this the language of all our desires? Why else have we appetites and passions, mental powers and bodily organs? But if happiness be the object of all our wishes, and if we are formed for enjoying it, and if equality of condition be the surest means of attaining it, how can it be asserted that equality of condition is not for *us*?"

I reply, and I hope my reply may be listened to with patience and with attention—Though happiness be the ultimate end of our creation, it is not the immediate, nor even the ultimate end of our present condition. For however specious the observation appears, that all men pursue happiness as a natural and proper object, and that we are rendered capable of enjoying it; yet the position is not to be admitted without

out considerable limitation or considerable explanation.

If we are made for pursuing and enjoying happiness, why is it not enjoyed? Among the numerous candidates for this great reward, why have so few within the limits of human life; or why has no person whatever been able to boast of the possession? For the space of nearly six thousand years, every human Being, in every part of our planet, on every continent, in every island, in every region, in every climate, in all states of society, amid the shades of retirement or the blaze of splendor, has been engaged in this important pursuit; has been engaged, not only by the urgency of keen desires, but with the assistance of great ability; yet who is he who has been able truly to say, and declare to an admiring universe, "I am fully and completely
"happy?"

Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st, &c.

If we have been formed for pursuing and enjoying happiness, as a natural, proper, and immediate object; and if no one has ever enjoyed it, Nature, or whosoever called us into existence, must have fashioned us with great imperfection,
and

and is little entitled to the encomium of skilful workmanship. The engine that never executes the work for which it was originally constructed, is surely not well constructed.—But the general position is ill-founded, or inaccurately expressed; and this inaccuracy of expression has led men into error.

No man can be happy without being capable of being happy. Keen desires and susceptibility are not sufficient. Keen desires and mere susceptibility unfit men for such enjoyment. They impart gleams of felicity, while they betray us into snares and troubles. They expose us to external and internal strife, vex us with restless wishes, torment us with gnawing appetites, or baffle us with disappointment. To enjoy happiness our minds must be duly disciplined; our abilities duly conducted; the violence of desire restrained; the eagerness of inclination corrected. It is thus we become not merely susceptible but capable of enjoying felicity; and are thus led to the important conclusion, that the great object of our lives is, not to obtain happiness, but to prepare us for obtaining it; and that the ultimate end of our present being is not happiness, but *improvement*. The boon will be bestowed when we are fit for receiving it; but how, or when, or with what change of condition, we cannot tell.

Mean-

Meantime since the improvement of our nature is the end of our being in this planet, we are to consider, whether that improvement is to be attained in circumstances of ease and luxurious indulgence; or in a situation that requires exertion. Does not all improvement, and especially all moral improvement, depend on the exercise of certain powers? But do not exertion and the exercise of powers suppose difficulties to be surpassed, and trials to be encountered? Are not difficulties and trials, whether occasioned by outward circumstances, or arising in our own breasts, the means by which excellent powers and virtues are called forth, proved, and confirmed? We cannot be said to have a temper incapable of envy, choler, or discontent, if we have never been placed in situations exposing us to their assault. He is not to be counted compassionate, whom misery has never solicited; nor is he to be accounted meek, who has never felt provocation.—Now the trials and difficulties so necessary to the formation of that temper, and the fit exercise of those powers by which we acquire a capacity for the enjoyment of happiness, occur chiefly in our pursuits after the goods of fortune, the pursuits of wealth, honor, and independence. But establish a perfect equality, and no such pursuits, no competitions, no trials of temper, no exertions of self-command,

mand, no restrictions of self-denial, none of the temptations of avarice and ambition, and none of the triumphs of magnanimity or moderation, can ever exist.—Without mental discipline, such discipline as we have now illustrated, envy, anger, and animosity, would intrude even on an Elysium, and invade the quiet of a golden age. “No,” answers an opponent, “for by our hypothesis, every thing is so abundantly supplied, as to prevent their intrusion.” But the rise and consequence of malignant passion do not depend on external things. Do they appear among mankind in the exact proportion of inferiority or superiority? Certainly not. A rich man is often envious; a poor man contented. Mere external situation, and circumstances from without, have therefore no adequate or proportioned effect, in exciting or promoting malignant passions. Imagination creates differences, where none exist; so that, according to every hypothesis, the discipline of passion and imagination, for imagination and passion mutually prompt one another, is for the enjoyment of happiness indispensably requisite.

Though therefore a condition of perfect equality may be conceived to be the region of felicity, the climate of true enjoyment, and may, for any thing we know to the contrary, be the situation of some other rational and moral agents,

agents, intelligences that move in a sphere superior to human nature; yet it is not proper or fit for us. The region and climate are too pure for the grossness, if I may be allowed the expression, of earthly spirits.

Such is the answer to the advocates of equalization by those philosophers who conceive that man is in a state of progression; subject to great or various changes; capable of high improvement; and under an immutable obligation, if he would be a candidate for happiness, to be a proficient in wisdom.

(To be continued.)

N^o XXVII.

IN CONTINUATION.

—Certusque merenti

Stat favor; ornatur propriis industria donis.

CLAUD.

ALLOWING equality of external circumstances to be altogether fit and proper for the present condition of human nature, it is a situation nevertheless altogether without our reach; and if so, our endeavour to attain it must not only be fruitless, but improper. It must occasion unavailing labour and an useless waste of exertion. It must promote discontent, make us repine at our present condition, and encourage improper thoughts concerning the government of the universe. It must clog activity, impede improvement, disturb the happiness we at present enjoy, and even incapacitate us for those gratifications we so eagerly desire.

We are no doubt capable of conceiving a situation where all things necessary to the happiness of mankind are in such abundance, that there is no occasion for accumulating wealth, and where of consequence none of the painful

differences which wealth produces, can excite our disgust or aversion. We can fancy a golden age; Elysian fields; an eternal spring; or rather an eternal autumn. We can thus fancy immunity from ambition and envy, and all the vices of excessive wealth or excessive poverty. But with a very few, if with any exceptions, such abundance, in the regions occupied by mankind, is not found to exist; and without such abundance, equality of possession could not take place. In our present situation men are obliged to labour, and to exert both bodily and mental powers. In general the acquisition of wealth, and a plentiful share of what are accounted the good things of human life, depend upon our own toils and talents, or on the toils and talents of our forefathers. But what we acquire by our own abilities and exertions is our own. A feeling of property is thus excited; and we are loth to part with what cost us pains and skill to procure; in order to gratify those who are less skilful, less able, and less active than ourselves. A sense of justice is thus established; indignation arises; and we regard those with considerable displeasure, who would do nothing themselves but profit by the exertions of others. Equality of possessions is therefore impossible. It is not attainable, unless men were invested with equal powers, and exerted them

them with equal diligence. It is not attainable, but by violence; it is unjust, and attempts to attain it would occasion more animosity than it could ever prevent.

We might carry these remarks still farther; and shew very clearly, that, in consequence of our necessary situation, there must be distinction of ranks.—We cannot deprive a man of what he has acquired by his own becoming industry. But he cannot exactly ascertain, or define his wants; and his acquisitions may be greater than what are necessary for himself. Is he therefore to cast away what he finds by experience he cannot use? or is he to give it gratuitously to his indigent or slothful neighbour? We readily answer, he may do with it as he pleases; he will perhaps do well if he give it to the needy; but not well if he give it to the slothful. We cannot, however, compel him either to withhold it from the worthless, or to relieve the poor. In this situation he will do best to bestow the surplus of his fortune on his own children. It is needless to expatiate. He must bestow it on his own children. Every sentiment of justice, and every impulse of affection require it. Thus persons acquire wealth without their own exertions, and acquire it so justly, that it would be criminal to take it from them. But the person who obtains wherewithal to gratify his own proper desires,

fires, and those of others who are nearly related to him, and in great abundance, and by the sole exercise of good talents and honest industry, becomes an object of high respect. His acquisition is in some degree the measure of his worth, and he is esteemed accordingly. He does services, and meets with gratitude; does services from affection, and is beloved. The love, gratitude, and esteem of others are expressed towards him, by deference shewn to him, by distinction, and by precedence. It is impossible that some of these things should not descend to his children; they expect them; and, in periods that are not corrupted, endeavour to deserve them. In a word, where exertions are necessary to the happiness of mankind, distinctions must of course ensue; they are natural, they are useful: and those who would endeavour to abolish ranks and distinctions do what is unjust and unnatural.

The impracticability of the scheme is well illustrated in the history of antient Rome. The Romans consisted originally of a mixed company, or multitude of persons from different states and of different conditions. Bold, turbulent, and independent, they were not disposed to acquiesce in any distinctions that exalted some and degraded others. Sensible, at the same time, that the greatest differences, differences of rank, and differences in the enjoyment of ease and pleasure, depended

depended on property ; they determined that all the property of the state should be distributed among them in equal portions. Their original territory, therefore, was divided into three parts : one was appropriated to the maintenance of religious worship ; another to defray the expences of government ; and the largest was allotted equally to all the free subjects of Rome ; so that each individual had nearly two acres of landed property. In a similar view, as well as for purposes of military discipline, the spoils taken from an enemy were not retained by those who seized them ; but were delivered to the Quæstor ; who proportioned them equally, or so proportioned their prices if they were sold, to all the soldiers in the army. Thus the system of an equality of possessions was, as nearly as possible, realized ; and an attempt made, and formally ratified, to prevent or abolish the chief distinctions of wealth and honor. But the scheme proved abortive. It was opposed by various propensities of human nature. Inherent feelings and inclinations revolted ; and led directly, though gradually and without any violence of opposition, to an opposition the most determined and the most effectual. Various circumstances, arising from diversity of age, of abilities, of opportunities, or inclination, rendered some men wealthier and more respected, than others. Old men, venerable for their experience, acquired authority ; and men

testified their respect for them by acts of external deference. Their sons, having reflected upon them some of the respect shewn to their fathers, and feeling in themselves some consciousness, real or imaginary, of superiority, claimed and obtained precedence. Other persons, distinguished for their bodily strength, prudence, ingenuity, or exertion, were eminently successful in the culture of their fields, or by other means of obtaining property; and felt themselves entitled to enjoy the fruits of their laudable industry; and the voice of natural justice being more powerful than that of formal institution, their claims were tacitly admitted; and obtaining a degree of respect not very different from that enjoyed by the descendants of Senators, they rose along with them to patrician dignity. To this there was the greater tendency, that, as some men became rich and independent, others became poor and dependent: and borrowing the means of subsistence from their wealthier neighbours, they were led imperceptibly not only to support their interests, but to treat them with high respect. Hence the origin of the relation subsisting between Patrons and Clients; and which persons in the higher ranks encouraged; since, notwithstanding the poverty of inferior Romans, they were still obliged to regard them as fellow-citizens; and on account of the privileges they in
that

that capacity enjoyed, might be beholden to them for important services. In like manner arose the distinctions of the equestrian order. Notwithstanding the plan of equalization attempted at the commencement of the state, the form of government was monarchical. The King, though his powers were very limited, was, by general consent, treated with extraordinary deference. Those, therefore, who were occupied about his person, who were employed as his guard, or who executed his immediate commands, were also regarded with some respect; and their descendants might have apprehended, and, in the prejudices of mankind, might have found themselves entitled to some attention. Such attendants performing their services on horseback were called Equites or horsemen, from the Latin word signifying a horse; and founded the equestrian order. Inferior to the senatorial or patrician rank, they were however accounted superior to other Romans. By an association and propensities sufficiently obvious, those also, who performed military service on horseback, held themselves superior to the infantry, and superior to the ordinary citizens. Yet, considered by Senators and Patricians as inferior to themselves, and thus holding, as it were, a middle place, they found their station, to which they might also have been led by similarity of appellation, in

the class named Equestrian. Even among those Romans who constituted a third class, and were denominated Plebeians, distinctions of rank arose, and the numbers of those tribes that resided in the country held themselves more respectable, as being employed in agriculture, and more independent than those who lived in the city.— Thus a variety of distinctions arose at Rome. They arose gradually, without intention; and almost in direct opposition to other formal appointments. They even acquired an establishment so permanent, that the original scheme of equality was neglected or superseded, notwithstanding the attempts by various Agrarian laws to restore it: and that it was not only held proper in a formal manner to ratify distinctions of ranks, but to assign their badges, define their limits, and ascertain their privileges.

I have thus endeavoured to illustrate, that the equalization of property, notwithstanding all the plausible things which may be asserted in opposition, is impracticable and inexpedient. If therefore any nation, striving to emancipate themselves from bondage, unfortunately give reason to suspect that equalization of rank and property forms a part of their plan, it must occasion as much regret, must impede their success, and promote an opinion of their judgment almost as unfavourable as if they strove to abolish religion.

religion. Should they have attempted, or seem to have attempted, either the one or the other, the friends of mankind conjure them, in the most solemn and earnest manner, and by all the happiness and improvement they would obtain or produce, as soon as possible, and with most unequivocal zeal, to renounce the design or correct the appearance.

N^o XXVIII.

Ita facillimè

Sine invidia laudem invenias, et amicos pares.

TER.

SIR,

NOTHING is more fashionable at present, in the literary world, than for authors to go a masquerading in fancy dresses, and assume appearances that do not belong to them. Not satisfied with using fictitious signatures, such as Scipio or Lelius, merely with a view to concealment; they wish to impose themselves upon the public as characters altogether different from what they are; and personate Jews, Turks, or Persians. They tell wonderful stories of Monks and Bramins; of legendary tales collected from old women; and of ancient manuscripts found in iron chests, or in vaults under ground. An ingenious young gentleman, of my acquaintance, would long before this time have edified the public with an interesting volume; but that he is much at a loss in the choice of a dress and character. Wishing to command some respect, he was for some time very strongly solicited by the various merits of a Mahometan turban, the cowl of a monk, and a full-bottomed perriwig. He is, indeed, so exceedingly

ceedingly puzzled, that I am afraid he may be reduced to the sad necessity of abjuring his sex. For, among other devices, it is no unusual thing at present for a bashful poet, or trembling novelist, to assume the guise of a simple gentleman, and claim indulgence to a female muse. However, as Hercules, who had been better used to wield a club and flea lions, than to twirl a spindle and spin woollen yarn, was soon discovered wearing a bed-gown that belonged to Iolè; and as Achilles, who wanted to pass for a harmless maiden, was found out by some odd motions and such uncouth use of his legs and arms as were ill-suited to a Princess; so our pretended authoresses are, by their tricks and gestures, very soon detected. I have not indeed heard that female writers have assumed the bearded dignity of males; for none of them, till very lately, had any occasion to use such artifice. An authoress, about a century ago, was quite a prodigy; and the moment a play or romance was published by a Lady, all the wits of the masculine gender, calling her a thousand pretty names, Sappho, Orinda, or Philomela, extolled her as a miracle of nature. Times, however, are now so much altered, by the skill which women have of late acquired in reading and writing, and so little regard is paid to female wits on account of what they are, that I have

no doubt of their endeavouring very soon to appear what they are not. The Chevalier d'Eon has set the example in one department; and if the present masquerading practice among literary persons continue, it is highly probable we shall have old ladies pretending to be physicians, judges, or doctors in divinity; and their daughters wielding the grey goose quill in the shape of smart lawyers or dapper captains.

Now, Sir, though such contrivances to procure attention may be thought very clever, I am not certain that they are altogether blameless. When they happen to be detected, which is usually the case with authors who, on gaining some little fame, have too much vanity to keep themselves any longer concealed, they excite such suspicion in the public, that when works of real authenticity which have lain long in obscurity are announced to the world, no one believes them authentic. I defy any person at present to publish the performance of an Otaheitan Divine, Abyfinian moralist, Shawnese maker of plays, or philosopher from Nootka-Sound, without incurring the charge of forgery. The unaccountable doubts that have been so widely propagated, and so readily received, concerning the authenticity both of Offian and Rowley, afford a lamentable and striking instance. Now, is not all this a very great evil? And does it not arise from the cleverness

cleverness of those authors, who, though good Christians themselves, and the children of Christian parents, will yet pass themselves upon you as worshippers of Fo, or as sons of the circumcised?—In my own situation, I feel the grievance with very great aggravation. I have discovered, I need not at present tell you in what manner, several manuscript fragments manifestly by some of those English writers who distinguished the beginning of the present century. But, though I am as sure of their genuineness as of their merit, the critics will be so absurd as to demand more evidence of their authenticity than I can give them. I will, however, as a specimen, transmit you a fragment ascribed to Swift; but which seems to me to have been written by Steel, in imitation of Swift, intitled “*Directions for making a figure in company;*” and remain, with sufficient regard, your obedient servant,

BENEDICT.

“ If you would behave manfully and make a
“ figure in company, reject the common maxim
“ of being ‘ studious to please;’ and substitute
“ in its place, the desire of commanding respect.
“ For if you gain respect, the power of pleasing
“ will follow. The loftiness you will assume,
“ in consequence of being respected, will make
“ others

“ others vain of your notice and company.
“ They will be pleased because they are vain.
“ So be proud, and you will please.

“ On this principle, be sure to speak of your
“ great connexions. Dash familiarity of address,
“ and stifle the freedom of a reply, by speaking of
“ your friend the Duke and your cousin the
“ Marquis. Vary this direction according to
“ circumstances, using occasionally, instead of
“ Duke and Marquises, celebrated ladies, prime
“ ministers, or proud authors. The company
“ will thus conceive you to be very great in-
“ deed; will be penetrated with distant awe;
“ and be mightily pleased.

“ The frequent and confident mention of
“ your own peculiar merit is connected with
“ the preceding direction. It cannot fail to
“ promote your importance, and make you
“ highly agreeable.

“ You may also speak on topics that are not
“ very lofty, if they particularly concern your-
“ self. Speak about your own eating, and
“ drinking, and riding. At any rate be sure
“ you suffocate the company with your own
“ ordinary deeds and practices. It will make
“ you appear highly consequential, if those
“ functions that are usually thought trifling be
“ considered as worthy of recital when performed
“ by you.—But this, and indeed all speaking,

“ is

“ is to be managed cautiously; for proceeding
“ from vanity rather than pride, it is sometimes
“ attended with danger. It was thus that Sir
“ Giddy Runabout lost, or rather never gained
“ respect. ‘ I rode,’ said he, ‘ forty miles in
“ ‘ three hours and a quarter.’ ‘ On important
“ ‘ business, I presume,’ said Doctor Sagely.
“ ‘ No business at all,’ answered Sir Giddy; but
“ ‘ was it not mighty good riding?’ ‘ Was any
“ ‘ one with you?’ said the Doctor carelessly.
“ ‘ My servant,’ replied Sir Giddy, somewhat
“ piqued at the question. ‘ Then your ser-
“ vant,’ retorted the Doctor, ‘ rode as well as
“ ‘ yourself.’ Sir Giddy whistled; and cursed
“ the weather.

“ In rehearsing your own acts and indul-
“ gences, much depends on your justly discern-
“ ing the humour and turn of the company.
“ Billy Sitwell might have gained all the credit
“ among one set of hearers, which he lost with
“ another by telling them, ‘ We drank each of
“ ‘ us three bottles of claret.’ ‘ And had, no
“ ‘ doubt, a great deal of conversation,’ said one
“ of the company. ‘ We drank,’ said he, ‘ our
“ ‘ three bottles of claret without uttering a
“ ‘ word.’

“ Instead of speaking a great deal, you will
“ be more successful by being sometimes myste-
“ rious.

“ rious. If I were disposed to be allegorical,
“ I would say that mystery was the parent, not
“ only of respect, but of reverence. So, in this
“ view, seem to have in your thoughts, or to be
“ employed in business of the utmost import-
“ ance. Take some one of the company aside ;
“ or speak to him in so low a voice as that no
“ one can hear. Look very serious. The per-
“ son you address will easily become your dupe ;
“ he will be so vain and conceited as to connive
“ with you, like the self-important, but silly
“ confident of a Legerdemain-man ; and, though
“ the subject be altogether trifling, will also
“ endeavour, by looking correspondently conse-
“ quential, to cater some share of respect.

“ Or taking some one aside, seem to speak to
“ him with an air of authority, as if you were
“ directing, or even as if you were reprimand-
“ ing him. Not being on his guard, and unpre-
“ pared for such an assault, he must necessarily
“ look very simple ; while your dignity must rise
“ very considerably in the tube of opinion.

“ Still using mystery as the road to respect—
“ I hope there is no evil in changing the
“ figure—give hints as if you knew matters of
“ great importance ; but which, though strongly
“ solicited, you must never reveal. This, how-
“ ever, is so obvious as to need no enforcement.

“ Affect

“ Affect absence and inattention to the present company and conversation. So that if any one speak to you, it will be necessary for him to repeat what he was saying. This will give you the air of not regarding the topic of discourse, or of undervaluing the company; which is indeed truly dignified and very pleasant. In this view also, it is sometimes useful and very becoming, superciliously to mistake or forget the names of some of the company. Making them appear insignificant, makes you look great.

“ It is not only proper to seem mysterious, inattentive, and forgetful; it is also of vast advantage to be sometimes loftily silent. If you see people about you wishing to recommend themselves by their information or remarks, say nothing, look grave or big, or encourage them with a nod or a stately smile, or perhaps occasionally with one ambiguous but short sentence. Thus they will continue to babble; tell you all they know; admire your greatness, praise you to others for your affability, and boast of the honor of your acquaintance.

“ If the company be much amused with a lively description, humorous song, or sprightly narrative, appear serious, perhaps
“ tired,

“ tired, or condescendingly patient; and so
“ they will think you both great and wise.

“ A friend of mine, the moment another
“ person is telling some interesting story, or
“ engaged in some curious discussion, jogs you
“ on the elbow, says he can tell you a better
“ story, or give you ampler information on the
“ subject in question; and so makes you lose
“ what you earnestly or even anxiously wished
“ to hear. I am not sure, however, though
“ this conduct may indeed proceed from the
“ laudable principle of promoting your own
“ importance, that it ever answers the end. It
“ is sometimes so teasing, and so provoking,
“ that if the person jogged be of an impatient
“ humour, he may tell you to hold your tongue;
“ and such admonition always destroys respect.

“ You may sometimes, if you mean to dis-
“ play much intelligence, ask questions of *proper*
“ persons on subjects which they know nothing
“ about. Compel them to answer; and treat
“ the ignorance of their reply with a look
“ of scornful contempt. Nothing can set off
“ your superiority to more advantage; and, con-
“ sequently, be more conciliating.—No enjoy-
“ ment can equal that of Squire Uppish when
“ he forces a trader of Cheapside, or a city
“ parson, to guess all awry, about the number
“ of

“ of bushels or bolls of grain produced from a
“ certain number of acres. This, however, is
“ rather an inferior sort of traffic, and shews
“ more folly and vanity in Squire Uppish than
“ any real dignity.

“ Some small matters that belong to the
“ head of manœuvering deserve also to be attend-
“ ed to by those who are desirous of making a
“ figure in company. It is dangerous in such a
“ view to hazard a joke, or endeavour to raise
“ a laugh, unless you are really possessed of
“ talents for wit and humour; for if you make
“ the attempt unsuccessfully, your importance
“ may be greatly impaired. But if a topic be
“ started that you know nothing about, and if
“ you cannot quench the conversation by look-
“ ing careless or fullen, or at least very lofty,
“ be sure you lie in wait for some opportunity
“ of throwing ridicule either on the subject or
“ on some of the speakers, and if you are likely
“ to succeed you may follow out your advan-
“ tage with a horse laugh and a great deal
“ of noise.

“ Should the company, or any of them, seem
“ formidable to your pretensions while you re-
“ connoitre them in the drawing-room before
“ dinner, edge away towards the door, so that
“ when dinner is announced you may have the
“ best chance of walking out immediately, and

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“ of

“ of getting near the head of the table. This
“ sort of promotion will, in some cases, raise
“ your spirits, and contribute to your import-
“ ance. If you be sitting by a person of pecu-
“ liar modesty, but who, if he can procure
“ attention, may probably be much taken notice
“ of, be sure you damp him as soon as possible,
“ by neglecting him, or treating him slightly,
“ or by actually leaning forward, and putting
“ yourself between him and the company.

“ Such practices as neat or bloody swearing,
“ laughing at religion, smoking a parson, or
“ making the ladies blush by indecent allusions,
“ are now out of fashion, and therefore need
“ not be mentioned. Should they again be-
“ come fashionable, the necessary qualifications
“ are very easily acquired.”

N^o XXIX.

Parcendum teneris.

VIRG.

SIR,

I HAVE no doubt but that your retailers of periodical morality are well-intentioned and have done some good. Many of you, at least, have afforded the public very agreeable entertainment. I am afraid, however, that sometimes the indiscretion and rashness of your representations may have occasioned a good deal of mischief. I am myself a sufferer; and have a right, too good a right, to complain.

My husband, the late Earl of Fairdale, died at an early age. Having lived together very happily, I had no inclination, after his death, to enter again into the gay and the fashionable world; but devoted myself chiefly to the care and education of our children. This employment engaged my attention; and as my boy was lively, and my daughter amiable, for these were the whole of my family, and as I sometimes enjoyed the company of a few select friends, my time for several years passed as agreeably as I could expect. After that, my son did not long remain with me. It was held necessary that he should

go to a public school; then to the University; and finish his education by going abroad. He is since returned, sees me sometimes; and is always not only attentive, but affectionate. I cannot expect however, that he is to devote himself entirely to me. The amusements and occupations that belong to persons of his condition engage so much of his time, that I see him, I confess, but seldom.

I am in like manner deprived of my daughter. Yet I must not blame her, nor be sorry for that deprivation. Beautiful and accomplished, she married a very deserving gentleman of great fortune; has a family of her own to superintend; and lives at a considerable distance. In short, Sir, though my daughter sees me as often as possible; and though I pay her in return very long, and, I am sure, very acceptable visits, yet after her marriage I found myself much alone.

For some time I endeavoured to combat with and brave the languor of solitude. I employed myself in different kinds of work; I read a good deal, wrote many letters, continued to visit and receive visits from my particular friends, and even engaged in the management of a little farm. Still, however, I was lonely; time became quite oppressive; I dreaded the hour of dinner when I must dine by myself; and shuddered at the weight of those evening hours that I must bear unsupported.

ported. The pain of this situation was considerably enhanced by my anxious anticipation of old-age and infirmity.

Thus circumstanced, I found particular satisfaction in the visits of my friend Miss Elder. She was a gentleman's daughter in the county where I was born. Intimate since our infancy, our attachment had suffered no interruption. She was indeed very sensible and agreeable; took great interest in my children; and was altogether a most valuable friend and companion. Having survived her brothers and sisters, her situation, like my own, was solitary; and her fortune being inconsiderable, I proposed to her that she should live with me. I need not tell you, that with all the frankness of good sense and affection, she acceded to my proposal. The event was to me, and I believe to her, a renewal of life. My time now passed as comfortably as I could wish. We read, walked, went to church, and saw company together. Nothing could be more agreeable than the tranquillity of our winter evenings; nothing more satisfactory than the arrival of the post-man with letters and newspapers. Nor was it a small accession to my happiness, that Miss Elder was with me when I received the visits of my children and little grandchildren. The intimate and agreeable relation that thus subsisted between us was founded on similarity of taste, early association, mutual regard,

gard, and perfect confidence.—Was it not cruel to destroy this connection? Our attachment can never be destroyed, nor our affections alienated. But we have been deprived, and in some measure by a writer of periodical morality, of the chief benefit that resulted from our sincere and affectionate union.

Some of your brethren, Sir, are inclined to exercise their wit and talents of description, in reviling what they call “the dependents and “favorites of the Great.” The manners of such characters as they describe, and the meanness too of those who endure them, I will certainly not defend, but reprobate. Yet you ought to distinguish between the servile parasite and the faithful friend. Those who observe human nature must assuredly know, that friendship may subsist between persons of different ranks; but who are not different in correctness of manners, good principles, and liberal sentiments. No, Sir, I never required of my friend any improper condescension; and to improper condescension she would never have stooped. Yet possessing much delicacy of feeling, and though perfectly conscious of having no concern in the ridicule thrown out against connections between persons of different conditions; I could not help observing, that she was hurt by the perusal of an inconsiderate paper, that endeavoured with undistinguishing censure to vilify that sort of friendship.

ship. You may have often remarked, that persons of great sensibility, though altogether free from the failings incident to the situation in which they are placed, for every situation is liable to imperfection, are sometimes affected by the general reproaches thrown out against such failings, and especially in hours of occasional or constitutional debility, as if they were themselves in fault. The delicate terror of incurring reproach, moves them as if they really deserved it. My excellent friend fell unfortunately into this situation; nor could all her good sense and confidence in my esteem, and consciousness of having merited no part of the censure, preserve her from the uneasiness it was calculated to produce.

Just at this unlucky period, my son paid me a visit. He always behaved both to Miss Elder and me in the kindest and most respectful manner; particularly so to my friend, because he knew her value and how valuable she was to me. But he had brought along with him some young men, nephews of my late respected Lord, who on no occasion however had paid much attention to me, and who were vainer of their lineage and connection with my son, than he of his hereditary honors. You may easily conceive, that fancying themselves withal very fashionable and debonnaire, their behaviour could not be polite. I need not enter into particulars, nor give myself the

pain of recalling and describing their conduct. You will think I suffer enough when I tell you, that they co-operated successfully with your periodical brother, in depriving me of the comfort I enjoyed in the society of my worthy friend. She quitted my house soon after their departure: and in a very affectionate letter which she wrote to me immediately on her going to town, hinting as slightly as possible at the cause of our separation, she gave me sufficiently to understand, that, meaning henceforward to live by herself, our intercourse could be no more than occasional.

Thus, Sir, I am again left desolate; Miss Elder, I am sure, is an equal sufferer; so that two persons without any fault on their part, but living in the most inoffensive and blameless manner, are, by the wanton and indiscreet interference of persons who had no interest in their uneasiness, and indeed no concern in their situation, rendered very miserable, or at least deprived of very great consolation. How inconsiderable or how inadequate soever may seem the comforts or enjoyments of others, we ought not to meddle nor trifle with them, nor by any means to disturb them. It is easy to occasion pain; to bestow happiness or consolation, is not so easy.

I am, Sir,
your obedient Servant,

E. FAIRDALE.

P. S.

P. S. Since writing the above, I understand Miss Elder is very ill; and that her medical friends are alarmed. She seems declining both in health and spirits. She has herself written to me; does not ask to see me, but thinks she cannot live; bequeaths to me her small but elegant collection of books; and recommends to me the care of a young nephew, the son of a favorite sister, for whom she purchased a commission. I must see her, and would gladly hope that Dr. Smoothly will insist on her leaving town. I am sure the country air, especially at my house, will do her good. Whatever the event may be, the young gentleman whom she has recommended so kindly to my attention, shall be to me as a son.

N^o XXX.*Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile.*

HOR.

WRITERS of reputation are surely very blameable, if in times charged with licentiousness they give countenance in their writings to such opinions, how general or how fashionable soever, as tend to impair the foundation of morals, and break down those fences that guard us against the excesses of profligate dissipation. Every genuine apostle of truth, who believes himself capable of instructing the public, ought, by scorning all improper compliance, to respect himself, and trust for the favorable reception of his labours to the goodness of mankind, to their capacity of discerning merit, and their attachment to the interests of virtue. For, licentious as the age may be, there are few persons who would not wish it were otherwise; nor even among those who are accounted dissolute, are there many whose theory corresponds with their practice, and who are, with approbation of themselves, decidedly wicked.

I have been led into these observations by the following passage in Goldsmith's *Life of Lord Bolingbroke*, where the author inadvertently, or
missed

misled by a lively comparison, seems liable to no inconsiderable censure: "To the assemblage," says he, "of so many gifts from Nature, it was expected that Art would soon give her finishing hand; and that a youth begun in excellence, would soon arrive at perfection; but such is the perverseness of human nature, that an age which should have been employed in the acquisition of knowledge, was dissipated in pleasure; and, instead of aiming to excel in praise-worthy pursuits, Bolingbroke seemed more ambitious of being thought the greatest rake about town. This period might have been compared to that fermentation in liquors which grow muddy before they brighten; but it must also be confessed, that those liquors which *never ferment are seldom clear.*"

Upon what now, I would ask, is the observation in the close of this sentence founded? Great abilities, it may be said, are often connected with violent and irregular passions. But violent and irregular passions are neither the causes, nor, in reality, are they the genuine symptoms of great abilities. What Prior said on another subject is, with the necessary changes, very applicable to the present:

"Yes, every Poet is a fool;

"By demonstration Ned can shew it:

"Happy could Ned's inverted rule

"Prove every fool to be a Poet."

Yet,

Yet, one obvious consequence of the doctrine in question is, the effect it might have to make vain and licentious young men fancy themselves endowed with such excellent talents, as that application were needless, and that self-command argued weakness. Desirous of finding resemblance in those abilities which they reckon their own to the great men whom they would admire, discovering also a striking resemblance in their vices and follies; for no man, whether great or small, was ever exempted from imperfection; and, instructed by the authority of popular writers, that such seeming frailties are in fact the indications and forerunners of signal merit; they yield to the flattering delusion, and give loose reins to outrageous desire: for, though vanity cannot always persuade the vain, that they are as great and as praise-worthy as they wish to be, yet they are very ready and very alert in seizing and applying to themselves whatever evidence seems to favor their inclination. Attending to signs and symptoms, if they discover any singularity, how trifling soever, in the deportment of the great man whose character they would emulate; and if they either have, or may easily acquire that singularity, were it only in his manner of sitting, walking, or taking snuff, they assume and display the sign as an indication of similar ability, or a prognostic of future eminence.

nence. A celebrated philosopher, the author of the "Wealth of Nations," was apt to be very absent, and particularly remarkable for laughing and speaking to himself. I have heard, accordingly, that some young persons who had opportunities of observing him, and fancying that they felt in themselves the workings of similar powers, announced to the world what expectations might reasonably be entertained of their rising genius, by constantly smiling and muttering to themselves. How much more readily would such symptoms and resemblance be exhibited, whether singularities or not, if they tended to the indulgence of those appetites and inclinations which all men have difficulty in restraining, and which the dissolute are so prone to indulge? Proportioned to the excess of their extravagances, they conceive the power of their understanding, and think they are convincing men of their superior talents, while they are only violating the good order and peace of society.

Nor is the moral proposition implied in the figurative illustration, "that those liquors that never ferment are seldom clear," to be received with implicit assent. The truth even of the comparison, though lively and ingenious, is not, without exception, manifest: as the labourer, or wayfaring man, who has slaked his
thirst

thirst with the waters of the limped spring, will attest; and will also attest that his beverage is not only as clear, but as wholesome as the fermented juice of barley, grapes, or the sugarcane. Much less is it a fact, proved by uniform experience, for it surely cannot be proved by any antecedent reasoning, that no man ever appeared distinguished for intellectual endowment, whose youth had not, by violent and irregular passion, been precipitated into enormous excess. Two very eminent characters, among others who might be cited on this occasion, the one of ancient and the other of modern renown; the one illustrious in the political bustle, and the other no less so in the philosophical retirement of human life; give full and unequivocal evidence, that the most useful and splendid talents may be connected with the most inoffensive and correct deportment. No man, it has been said by an accurate historian, has appeared since the days of Cicero, who improved such superior talents as he possessed, with a diligence so unremitting; nor is any name among philosophers, and in philosophy's sublimest region, more illustrious than the name of Sir Isaac Newton. Yet neither Cicero nor Newton ever claimed indulgence, or solicited excuse, for the extravagances of irregular youth or licentiousness of manhood. We must therefore abandon all vulgar and proverbial

verbial maxims, about "fowing wild oats," and "putting old heads on young shoulders," to the dotage of affectionate age, or the partiality of effeminate weakness.

It may also be worth while to consider, how the *fermentation of a strong spirit*, the fermentation of Bolingbroke, since he has given occasion for these remarks, contributed in the course of his long and active life, either to the improvement of his own virtues and talents, or to the benefit of those persons and communities with whom he happened to be connected. After a youth of dissipation and folly, his biographers tell us, that becoming ambitious, and they seem to think his ambition laudable, he aspired at the distinction of being an eminent statesman. He was well qualified, it is said, for such employment; and how virtuously, and how well qualified, after a youth of unrestrained profligacy, will appear in the sequel. Though trained up in such political sentiments as should have attached him to the interests of freedom; yet finding at the commencement of his career, that the Ministry of Britain were influenced by Tory principles, and that he could not rise to the functions and emoluments of office without joining them, he joined unreluctantly in all their measures. Availing himself of this situation, and possessing from Nature very considerable

able abilities, at least superior in many respects to those of his colleagues, he gained an ascendancy in the councils of his sovereign. Thus promoted, he accomplished the disgrace, as it has been termed, of Marlborough, and the famous or infamous peace of Utrecht. But, partly on account of the indignation which these and some other parts of his conduct excited, and partly on account of the animosities arising from the envy and jealousy which subsisted between him and his colleagues, he was soon precipitated from the seat of authority; and in danger, for his supposed misdemeanours, of suffering rigorous punishment. Not daring, however, to stand the trial for which he stood impeached; and when he heard that the above-quoted Prior, who had been his agent in transacting the peace of Utrecht, was to declare all that he knew of that mysterious transaction, he quitted England; and though he had ostentatiously boasted that he would brave prosecution, he took refuge in France, where he was treated by the French king with the kindness due to a benefactor. There also he connected himself with the Pretender; and laboured, at the hazard of the British constitution, to place him on the British throne. Unsuccessful in this attempt, though he had contributed not a little to the calamitous civil war which was terminated by the discomfiture of
of

of the Earl of Mar at Dumblane; and still wishing to enjoy the estates and honors he had forfeited in England, he incurred the suspicions of the unfortunate Stuarts, and was dismissed from their councils. He then negotiated unreservedly with the British Minister at Versailles; and, obtaining a pardon from the sovereign whom he had endeavoured to dethrone, he returned to his native country; and to the possession of wealth, a considerable part of which had accrued to him as the portion of a wife, at that time dead, and from whom, on account of disagreement for such reasons as might be expected in a person of his abandoned profligacy, he had been separated soon after his marriage. But though pardoned, and in the enjoyment, not only of independence but opulence; yet, not having been restored to all his privileges as a Peer, which had been refused him after repeated solicitation, and still desirous of making a figure on the political theatre; he again indulged his resentment, and devoted the labors of his old age to spirited but acrimonious invective against the government of those Princes who had released him from want, and restored him from exile. Such consequences ensued from the *fermentation of this strong spirit*, to those persons and communities with whom he happened to be connected.—Nothing has been said concerning the philosophical or theolo-

gical legacy which he bequeathed to his country; because such a legacy might be expected from such a character, and because to those who are acquainted with the subjects of his inquiry, Bolingbroke's attempt to destroy the evidence of Revelation, can do little good and little ill.

Another *highly-fermented spirit*, and who in several particulars resembled Bolingbroke, was Alcibiades. He too, after a course of folly and dissipation, became ambitious of being an eminent leader, and, having achieved some illustrious exploits, arose to deserved reputation. But not brooking reproof and chastisement for impious and licentious enormity, he went into exile; joined the enemies of Athens; and in the struggle of the Peloponnesian war, accomplished its subjugation to Sparta. In this particular he differed from Bolingbroke, who was not able, with many of the abilities and accomplishments of Alcibiades, to ruin his country. Other characters, of similar talents and similar passions, both in ancient and modern times, might be brought into view:—From all *such*, and from all *whom*, may our virtues, and the Power that protects Britain, defend us!

N^o XXXI.

—Ingenium res

Adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ.

HOR.

THOUGH passions, affections, appetites, and desires are accounted the most general springs of action among mankind; yet principles of a calmer and less impetuous character reside in the human breast; and prompt us to a corresponding, and consequently to a steady, or at least to an uniform tenor of conduct. Of this sort are the sense of duty, and a regard to the will of the Supreme Being. Of this sort also, are those general rules, that approaching somewhat to the nature of habits, as frequently perhaps as passions or appetites, especially in the periods of manhood and old age, influence and direct the conduct of mankind. Produced by reason and sentiment, their origin and formation may easily be traced and illustrated. A person in early life is moved by compassion to relieve distress: he receives pleasure from the indulgence of feeling, and from contemplating the effect of his action: he sees happiness produced, or misery removed; and judges not only from the gratification he obtains, but from the useful or important consequences of his conduct, that he has acted in a

right and proper manner. He therefore resolves, when opportunities offer, and his situation enables him, to relieve distress. But distress is afterwards presented to him when, either from repetition or the influence of a languid mood, he feels little compassion; yet in consequence of the general rule he has formed, he acts as if he felt it; and administers a relief not less effectual, for being more rational and dispassionate. Now, since general rules are so powerful, it is necessary that they be judiciously and virtuously formed; for it sometimes happens, that men act systematically or from general rules, without having duly attended to the dignity or purity of the producing principle. The Miser in Plautus is represented as grudging to cast out the water with which he washed himself, not so much surely from any desire arising from the value of dirty water, as from his general rule of saving.

Too high a regard however to the opinions of others, and an undue importance annexed to inferior duties, no less than an undue affection for matters of inferior consequence, are the chief causes of perversion or error in the formation of general rules.—Mrs. Tamarind was the only child of a man of great fortune in Jamaica. Possessing much beauty and accomplishment, she was married early in life to a very wealthy and agreeable young man, who had been accidentally at Kingston,

ston, but who lived and carried on extensive business in London. Her dispositions were originally amiable, and her principles unimpaired; she had therefore no difficulty in discharging all the duties of a faithful and affectionate wife. Her regard for her husband, however, enslaved her to some general rules of conduct, so injudiciously formed and adopted, as exposed her to a good deal of inquietude. She had conceived, as Mr. Tamarind was a man of fortune and consideration, that it was expected his domestic establishment should be highly elegant, and suited to his condition. She was so much the more solicitous on this account, that being a stranger, as it were, in London, she fancied herself more liable to error and consequent censure. In short the elegance of her table, and of her house, and of her equipage, not so much from any gratification of her own vanity, as from a general regard to her husband's appearance in the world, became her principal care. Charitable, obliging, and attentive to her children, her difficulty and distress arose from the strict and severe duty she had imposed upon herself, of having every thing in her house suited to Mr. Tamarind's dignity. Her solicitude became excessive: for notwithstanding her assiduity, things did not always answer her expectation. The cook did not always prepare an exquisite or costly dish in a proper manner;

and there might occasionally be too much, or too little Madeira, employed in dressing the turtle. The side-board was not always so fancifully arranged as it ought to have been; and a servant had inattentively given claret to the guests, instead of burgundy. There might be something wrong in the dress of the children; or some violent transgression of symmetry in the order of the side-dishes; "And all this might make people think very oddly of the management of Mr. Tamarind's family." Possessing great sensibility, such incidents assailing her by surprise, she could not altogether smother or conceal her impatience. In vain would her husband say to her, "My dear Lætitia, it is of no sort of consequence;" she could not dissipate her chagrin; so that the servants grew fullen, and the guests uneasy. Superadded to all this, it unfortunately happened, that she fancied a due regard to her husband's situation obliged her to assume some dignity; and accordingly, not from any inherent arrogance or pride of character, but from conceiving an improper notion of the duty she owed to Mr. Tamarind's rank, she appeared on some occasions distant, reserved, and even supercilious. Though haughtiness was no ingredient in her disposition, yet she sometimes appeared haughty; and even incurred, though most unjustly, the reproach of insolence. In a word, this dutiful and affectionate

affectionate wife, this sensible and kind parent, this indulgent head of a family, notwithstanding her having been in her infancy served by slaves, became so difficult to please, so fretful and apparently ill-humoured, that her servants dreaded her; her husband was sometimes made so uneasy as not to have that comfort under his own roof which he was entitled to expect; her good-natured acquaintance were under restraint in her company; and those of a different description were sometimes cruel enough to be amused. Had not Mrs. Tamarind in forming her system of domestic conduct set too much value on matters of inferior importance, she would have enjoyed all that happiness and that esteem which she really deserved; but which, by thus endeavouring to obtain, she lost.

At this time a very unexpected, and seemingly a very disastrous event befel Mrs. Tamarind's family. Her husband in the prime of life, and in high reputation, was seized with a violent fever; and after a few days illness, left his children fatherless, and his wife, an untimely widow. Having been deeply involved in business, and the company in which he was concerned having at that time sustained some considerable losses, it was accounted an additional misfortune to his family; that his affairs, though by no means desperate, were thrown into such

disorder, as to require a good deal of œconomy in the future management of his fortune. Thus Mrs. Tamarind, deprived of a tender husband, charged with the care of a boy and two daughters, and reduced from great splendor to a very inferior condition, was considered by her acquaintance as an object of much compassion. They conceived it impossible for her to bend her haughty, or accommodate her anxious and too susceptible spirit to the humility and resignation that her situation required. “She can never bear it,” said one. “She must give up her equipage,” said another. “I cannot think of calling upon her,” said a third, “for she will think it an insult.” Some apprehended that she could never survive the shock; or at least that she would leave England and go with her children to the Continent. But they were all mistaken. She was indeed afflicted, but not cast down; she was for some time disconsolate, but not despondent; she was solicitous, not about her appearance in the world, but about her children; and this solicitude calling away her attention from her own peculiar misfortune, tended to allay her grief. The change that had befallen her, freed her from the bondage that had lately harassed and confined the motions of her native and amiable dispositions. The system that constrained her was now unhinged; and

and the general rules that cramped and distorted her conduct were no longer binding. She now felt the force of more important obligations; and adopted a set of duties that were not so much influenced by the opinions of others, as by the discernment of a good understanding, and the affections of a gentle heart. The change in her deportment was soon observed. No longer fretted by attentions to trifling formality; amiable and condescending, she conciliated universal favor; and her acquaintance became her friends. Her son, a very promising boy, is now at Eton; and solicitous, but not too solicitous about his health and welfare, she lives at Datchet, where she conducts or superintends the education of her other children. It gave me the highest satisfaction when I was lately on a visit to a friend at Windsor, to see her neat and elegant mansion. I passed her door in the morning, going to call for a gentleman in her neighbourhood, and as the parlour window was open, notwithstanding the vine that mantled around it, and the shrubbery in the intervening parterre, I could distinguish her at some needle-work with one of her little girls, while the other was reading. In the evening I met them in Windsor-park. They were elegantly dressed in slight mourning; and followed by a gray-haired and affectionate looking footman. Their appearance was even interesting;

teresting; and, though I am not acquainted with them, my bosom glowed with a sentiment of sympathetic delight. "That melancholy event," said I to myself, "which seemed to this amiable person so great a calamity, has become a blessing to herself and her children. It has enabled her to do justice to her own virtues; and has delivered her from restraints that, growing daily stronger, might have at length prevented her from discharging real and important duties."

N^o XXXII.

Saxa et solitudines respondent.

Cic.

THE poetical inscription, as it has been exemplified by eminent writers, both ancient and modern, may be considered as a distinct species of poetical composition. We may therefore, in ascertaining its merits, consider the specific principle on which it is founded; and estimate its execution, in particular instances, according to their consistency with the prevailing principle.

The design of the poetical inscription is to inform the reader, or call his attention to what, it is supposed, he would not otherwise have known or attended to; and to excite in him, as flowing from the incident, object, or fact suggested, some suitable sentiment or reflection. The things suggested to our observation may either be past or present. The Epitaph, for example, is a monumental inscription suggesting past events; and suggesting in particular, with some feelings of sorrow, the respectful or affectionate remembrance of the dead.

The monitory, rural, and moral inscription, which we are now considering, may also regard past events; but is chiefly or very often connected

ned with present objects. It is very often intended to excite some particular feeling, and corresponding reflection, by fixing our attention on those circumstances in the scene, that have a natural tendency to excite such feeling or reflection.

But here it may be asked, "Why point out
"circumstances that are themselves obvious?
"If a landscape has a natural tendency to excite
"certain thoughts and sentiments, these will
"arise, without the intruding aid of the moni-
"tory inscription."—We may observe however, in reply, that such thoughts and sentiments will not always arise, even though the scenery be well fitted for exciting them. The interesting tints and features of a beautiful landscape do not present themselves, even to persons of taste and experience, on a cursory view. Nor have even such persons inconsiderable enjoyment in perceiving, if they are themselves touched by real excellence, that their feelings are in unison with those of the artist. We will however allow, that the particular beauties of a fine field or country, considered as unconnected with one another, may attract the notice of the susceptible or intelligent passenger; yet he may not discern their general effect in combination with one another; while, at the same time, he recognizes all that excellence, the instant it is duly suggested. He
may

may pronounce the tree, the rock, or the meadow, considered even detachedly from one another, uncommonly beautiful; but he cannot at once discern, or receive pleasure from their effects, in union, and blended in one assemblage. An inscription, therefore, ascertaining either directly or indirectly the character of a landscape, whether it be gay or solemn, soft or melancholy, terrible or tranquil, and awakening correspondent reflections, has surely, when properly executed, a very pleasing effect.

An inscription, however, can scarcely be improperly executed, if the writer give due attention to the three captivating graces, the graces of *perspicuity*, *brevity*, and *simplicity*; and if, at the same time, he express himself in a manner suitable to his subject. It is indeed obvious, as the design of an inscription is secondary, for the reader is supposed to be chiefly occupied in contemplating the things around him, that it must be so clear as to occasion no trouble in conceiving it; so short, as not to engage too much attention; and that the thought it conveys must seem so natural, and so much the result of the object itself, that the reader shall have the great enjoyment of almost anticipating the reflection, or of being surprized at his not having done so. The particulars in the descriptive part cannot

with propriety be very numerous; nor will the Poet indulge his fancy, in presenting any more images than what are necessary for impressing the sentiment. Not more too than one reflection, and that also rather hinted than formally or fully expressed, ought ever to have admission into the truly simple and interesting inscription. Is it necessary to add, that as it neither expresses, nor intends to excite any violent passion, it affects no irregular or very figurative language? The diction, while perfectly correct, is not permitted to be ostentatious. Without the labor of inversion, the pomp of epithet, and glare of imagery, it must aim at no other excellence than easily and plainly to convey the intended sentiment. Several of these particulars are well illustrated in Shenstone's inscription on a Gothic Alcove.

O ye that bathe in courtly bliss,
Or toil in fortune's giddy sphere;
Do not too rashly deem amiss,
Of him that bides contented here.

Nor yet disdain the russet stole,
Which o'er each careless limb he flings;
Nor yet deride the bleachen bowl
In which he quaffs the limpid springs, &c.

So may he pardon fraud and strife,
If such in courtly haunt he see:
For faults there be in busy life,
From which these peaceful glens are free.

Though

Though this inscription be simple, and pensive both in sentiment and expression, yet, to a reader of very accurate taste, it may seem to be somewhat redundant. Is it not too diffuse both in sentiment and detail of circumstances?

The inscriptions indeed of most modern writers transgress against the canon of brevity; and are, in this respect, not only different from, but inferior to many of those that remain from antiquity. May I also be permitted to say, that they are sometimes too numerous? Or shall I be held guilty of sacrilegious disrespect for the elegant and gentle divinity of rural taste, should such a divinity be allowed to have at least a poetical existence, if I venture to hint, that they are too numerous even at the Leasowes? Without agreeing with Wheatley in his dislike to, or, at least, in his no great love of inscriptions, I must however admit that they ought to be used only on very striking occasions, and ought not to obtrude too frequently on the thoughtful solitude of the rural walk.

Though the embellishments of imagery, and studied ornaments of expression be inconsistent with the simplicity or with the plainness of inscriptive writing, yet the general plan or design of the poetical inscription may derive some romantic beauty from the direct, and very often from the indirect delineations of fanciful ingenuity.

nuity. If, for instance, a hermitage be pointed out to us, we think of the hermit, and of his devotional character; so that if the inscription be invented as his prayer, or address, either to a tutelary Being, or any of the surrounding objects, it conveys to us a very interesting view of his situation and temper. Father Francis's prayer, by West, has suggested the remark, rather than furnished the illustration.

Ne gay attire, ne marble hall,
Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall, &c. :
Ne power, ne such like idle fancies,
Sweet Agnes! grant to Father Francis, &c.

In like manner grotesque scenery, with rocks, woods, and streams, may, to poetical imaginations, like those of Shenstone and Akenfide, suggest not improperly, the notion of Dryads, Nais, or Fairies.

Here, in cool grot or mossy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell, &c.

In the inscription on a statue of Time, by Poseidippus, the personified divinity is represented as answering the questions of a passenger.

Τίς πόθεν ο πλαστής; κ.τ.λ.

“The Maker whence?”—“From Sicyon”—“What his name?”
“Lyfippus”—“Who art thou?”—“All-conquering Time.”
“Why on thy tiptoe rais’d?”—“I always run.”

“Thy

"Thy feet are wing'd?"—"My speed is like the wind."
 "Why in thy hand a razor?"—"I inflict
 "Wounds sharper than a sword."—"A bushy lock
 "Upon thy forehead waves?"—"That those who meet,
 "May seize me."—"But behind thy head is bald?"
 "In vain would he, who lets me pass, recall
 "Or stay me. Stranger! in the public view,
 "For thy behoof, thus fashion'd, was I plac'd."

It was observed, that the monitory, or rural
 inscription, though chiefly intended for present
 objects, might sometimes, however, have a re-
 ference to past events. If any part of a landscape
 has been the scene of some famous action, the
 mention of it may not only afford amusement,
 but excite very proper reflections. Of this kind
 is Akenfide's spirited, yet solemn inscription for
 a pillar at Runnymede.

O Stranger, stay thee, and the scene
 Around contemplate well. This is the place
 Where England's ancient Barons, clad in arms,
 And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king,
 Then render'd tame, did challenge and secure
 The charter of thy freedom, &c.

Persons of unquestioned taste have sometimes,
 with singular felicity of application, employed as
 inscriptions, passages selected from classical au-
 thors. At Hagley, after walking through shady
 recesses, and lofty groves, where the view is a
 good deal confined, and where the sentiments
 excited are pensive, or even tinged with melan-
 choly,

choly, you are carried up gradually, and almost imperceptibly, to an eminence. You emerge from the shade into clear and open sunshine. Instead of a very limited view, you have before you a wide and extensive prospect. As far as the eye can extend, you see a cultivated and populous country; woods, corn-fields, meadows, towns, churches, and even palaces, are scattered in gay and luxuriant profusion before you. The whole is bounded, and sometimes diversified, by distant and lofty mountains. In contemplating this gorgeous landscape the mind is elated, and feels exultation. But while you are gazing with astonishment at the magnificent prospect, an inscription attracts your notice; and you read from Milton,

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good !
All-mighty ! thine this universal frame
Thus wond'rous fair ! —

When the mood subsides, the mood almost of ecstasy, into which a heart even of ordinary sensibility is apt to be thrown upon such an occasion, it is impossible not to think of Littleton, the great, the virtuous, and the pious Littleton : we tread, as it were, on consecrated ground ; we think of the intercourse which he might have held in these sacred recesses with enlightened and congenial spirits ; and we regard him in our secret thoughts with reverential esteem.

N^o XXXIII.

Sunt certi denique fines.

HOR.

A COALITION of a very pleasing nature has been attempted by some British artists, between poetry and painting. Poetry and painting are no doubt congenial arts. They have some principles or essential qualities in common, and denote similar energies in the mind of the poet and painter.

It is therefore exceedingly pleasing to see the fine fancy of the poet, particularly the bold and striking imagery of Shakespeare, as exhibited in the Shakespeare-Gallery, realized by the pencil; and displayed, as it were, not only to mental, but actual vision.

But the observation is no less just in criticism than in morals, that where we enjoy a great deal of pleasure, we also encounter a good deal of danger. Pleasing as on many occasions may be the effects of this combination between two of the most elegant arts, it ought not to be attempted in any instance, without cautious deliberation and acute discernment. In particular, much discernment and good taste are required for ascertaining what passages in a poem are proper

subjects for painting. Here the admirers of painting and the partisans of its alliance with poetry may be inclined to ask, Are not all fine passages in a poem fit to be delineated by the painter; are not the arts congenial, and are they not produced by similar energies? They are admitted to be congenial; but some distinctions must be attended to. Let it be particularly attended to and remembered, that what is highly poetical is not always picturesque. Many fine thoughts of the poet, and many objects presented by him to the mind, cannot by all the creative power of lines, colours, and shades be rendered visible. Can any grief be more natural than that of Cordelia when she is informed how cruelly her sisters have treated their father? But who can pourtray the feelings that shrink from notice, as the sensitive plant from the touch; that veil themselves with reserve; that fly even from consolation, and hide themselves in the secret mazes and mysterious sanctuaries of the heart?

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. I say she took 'em, read 'em in my presence; And now and then an ample tear trill'd down Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen Over her passion, which, most rebel like, Sought to be king over her.

Kent. O, then, it moved her.

Gent.

Gent. But not to rage. Patience and sorrow strove
Which should express her goodliest: You have seen
Sun-shine and rain at once. Those happiest smiles
That played on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What quests were in her eyes, which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Once or twice
She heav'd the name of father,
Pantingly forth, as if it prest her heart,
Cry'd, Sisters! Sisters! What? i' th' storm of night
Let pity ne'er believe it! then she shook
The holy water from her heav'nly eyes,
And then retir'd to deal with grief alone.

In like manner, the sublime and awful vision
in the book of Job, the indistinct form of the
spirit, the portentous silence, and the solemn
voice, shake and appal the soul; but set at defi-
ance all the skill and dexterity of the most inge-
nious artist.

“ In thoughts from the visions of the night,
“ when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came
“ upon me, and trembling, which made all my
“ bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before
“ my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it
“ stood still, but I could not discern the form
“ thereof; an image was before mine eyes;
“ there was silence, and I heard a voice.”

In fact, persons of real candour, who are capable of discerning, and of giving attention to the beauties of nature, will acknowledge the existence of many fine and striking landscapes which cannot be imitated or displayed by the painter. Exquisite scenery, without being picturesque, may be distinguished both for beauty and grandeur. Or shall we say, as I have heard asserted by some fashionable connoisseurs, that nothing in external nature, no combination whatever of water, trees, and verdure, can be accounted a beautiful object, unless it can be transferred to the canvass. Contrary to this, it may at least be doubted, whether many delightful passages, if I may so express myself, both at the Leasowes and among the lakes in Cumberland, though gazed at with tenderness, or contemplated with admiration, would not baffle all the power of the pencil. Though poetry ought to be like painting, yet the maxim or rule, like many other such rules and maxims, is not to be received without due limitation.

It is therefore the duty of the painter, who by *his* art would illustrate that of the poet, to consider in every particular instance, whether the description or image be really picturesque. I am loth to blame where there is much to commend, and where the artist possesses high and deserved reputation. But will it not be admitted that

that the picture by Reynolds, which represents the death of Cardinal Beaufort as described by Shakespeare, is liable to the censure of injudicious selection in the choice of a subject? Or is it possible for any colouring or delineation to convey the horror of the situation so impressively as in the words of the Poet?

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!—
Lord Cardinal, if thou thinkest on Heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!

The subject is entitled to more particular consideration.—Certain dispositions of mind produce great effects on the body; agitate the whole frame; impress or distort the features. Others again, more latent, or more reserved, suppress their external symptoms, scorn or reject, or are not so capable of external display; and occasion no remarkable, or no immediate change in limb, colour, or feature. Such peculiar feelings and affections, averse to render themselves visible, are not fit subjects for that art which affects the mind, by presenting to the eye the resembling signs of its objects. Despair is of this number: such utter despair as that of Cardinal Beaufort. It will not complain, for it expects no redress; it will not lament, for it desires no sympathy; brooding

brooding upon its hopeless affliction, it neither weeps, nor speaks, "nor gives any sign." But, in the picture under review, the painter represents the chief character in violent and extreme agitation. Nor is even that agitation, if we allow despair to display agitation, of a kind sufficiently appropriated. Is it the fullen anguish, the suppressed agony, the horrid gloom, the tortured soul of despair? No: It is the agitation of bodily pain. The poor abject sufferer gnashes his teeth, and writhes his body, as under the torment of corporal suffering. The anguish is not that of the mind.—No doubt, at a preceding moment, before his despondency was completely ratified, the poet represents him as in great perturbation; but the affliction is from the pangs of death.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grim.

But after his despair receives full confirmation from the heart-searching speech of Henry, his feelings are seared with horror, and his agony will "give no sign." For the moment of the picture is not when Beaufort is said to be grinning with mortal anguish; but the more awful moment, when having heard the request of Henry, he sinks, of consequence, into the deepest despondency. Before that, it would have been no other than the picture of a man, of any man
whatever,

whatever, expiring with bodily pain. If indeed the picture is to express any thing peculiar or characteristic, it must be despair formerly excited, but now ratified and confirmed by the speech of Henry.

King. Lord Cardinal, if thou thinkest on Heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!

In short, the passage, highly sublime and affecting, as it must be acknowledged, is more poetical than picturesque: and the artist has wasted, on an ill-chosen subject, his powers, rather of execution in this instance, than of invention. Surely we see no masterly invention in the preternatural being placed behind or beside the Cardinal; for though the poet has said, in the character of Henry, that a “busy meddling” fiend was laying siege to his soul; yet as the speaker did not actually see the fiend, there was no occasion for introducing him, like the devil in a puppet-show, by the side of his bed. Nor is there much invention in the stale artifice of concealing the countenance of the king, because his feelings could not be painted. In fact, the affectionate astonishment and pious horror of Henry were fitter for delineation, than the silent, sullen, and uncommunicative despair of Beaufort.

The

The rage of delineating to the eye all that is reckoned fine in writing may be illustrated also, in the performances of other able and famous artists. In Gray's Ode on the Spring, we have the following allegorical description :

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year.

The hours accordingly, adorned with roses disposed as the Poet describes them, are represented on canvass, as a company of jolly damsels, twitching or pulling another very beautiful and buxom female, who is represented as sleeping on a bank, and clothed with a purple petticoat. Seeing such things, it is impossible not to think of Quarles's or Hugo's emblems. The thought, "who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death," is presented to the eye, in one of them, by the figure of a man, enclosed within the ribs of a monstrous and hideous skeleton. In truth, the inventor of the prints in some editions of the Pilgrim's Progress (where, among others, Christian is represented as trudging along like a pedlar, with a burden on his back) is entitled to the merit of priority in the extravagance of such inventions; for let it be remembered, that it is only against extravagancies and misapplications, and not against the invention itself, that I have ventured to remonstrate.

N^o XXXIV.

Sic positæ quoniam suaves miscetis odores.

VIR.

THE following contributions from some literary friends being severally too short for separate papers, I hope my critical readers will forgive the want of unity with which I may perhaps be charged, for thus presenting them in one communication:

SIR,

AT a time when so much is said and written about Freedom and Independence, perhaps some of your readers may be amused, or even instructed, by the sentiments of Cicero, delivered in one of his paradoxes, on a species of Freedom, not the least conducive, or the least important to the attainment of human happiness.

ELEUTHEROPHILUS.

“ The wise man alone is free, and

“ Every fool is a slave.”

Let him be praised as a great commander;
let him have, and be thought worthy of this
appellation.

appellation. But in what manner, and what freeborn man, shall that person command, who cannot govern his own desires? Let him rein his licentious appetites, moderate his resentment, restrain his desire of wealth, and expunge every filthy stain from his soul. Let him then think of governing others, when he shall have withdrawn his own obedience from the most tyrannical masters, from base and disgraceful possessions.

What, therefore, is Freedom? The power of living as you please. But who lives as he pleases? He alone who acts according to reason; who rejoices in doing his duty; whose life is regulated by a rational plan; whose motive in obeying the laws is not fear, but conviction of their utility; who neither acts nor speaks, nor even thinks, but with freedom and self-command; whose purposes and actions have their origin in himself; and to whom, though her authority be deemed supreme, even Fortune herself submits.

The wicked are therefore slaves. Not indeed, like those bondsmen who are rendered such by the right of their masters, or the appointment of law. But if the obedience of a broken spirit, of a spirit cast down, and without freedom of will, be slavery, who can deny that all licentious, covetous, and inhuman persons are slaves?

Shall

Shall I reckon that man free whom a woman commands? whom, according to her humour, she directs, orders, and forbids? who is incapable of resisting her power; and who dare not but comply with her pleasure? Does she ask? He must give. Does she call? He must answer. Does she dismiss him? He must depart. Does she threaten? He must quake. — A person thus commanded is not only a slave, but though descended of illustrious lineage, a slave of the lowest order.

As, in a family containing many slaves, some, as they themselves apprehend, are more dignified than others, but are still in a state of bondage; so those persons who have an immoderate passion for statues and pictures, engraved silver, Corinthian workmanship, and magnificent buildings, are slaves of a higher rank, grooms of the chamber, or stewards of their own indiscretion! — “I have been,” you tell me, “a great military commander; invested with high authority; and a governor of provinces.” — Let your soul be worthy of your renown. A picture of Echion, or a statue of Polycletus, rivets your fond attention. I say not whence you stole or robbed them, or how they are yours. But when I see you doating, and gazing, and exclaiming in ecstasies of admiration, “Are they not very fine!” I judge you in a state of thralldom, and the bondsman of folly.

Let Marcus Curius arise from the dead ; or any of those in whose houses, either in town or in the country, nothing worthy of admiration was ever seen, but *themselves* ; let him observe a chief magistrate, promoted to the highest offices by the favor of his fellow-citizens, sweeping fish out of a fish-pond, handling them with voracious affection, and exulting in his lampreys ; would they not reckon him a slave of endowments so very mean, as to be fit only for the office in which he delights ?

To what painful observance does not that person submit who lies in wait for a legacy ? How he watches every nod of an opulent and childless miser ! speaks as he would have him ; does all he requires ; hangs upon him ; sits by him ; and offers him gifts ! Are these the actions of a free-born man ?—They are the actions of a pitiful slave !

What a rigorous mistress is that desire, apparently more liberal, the desire of distinction, of authority, and of dominion ! how absolute, and how imperious ? By her are men condemned to the meanest submission, to praise the profligate, and court the vulgar. Men of hereditary honors and of high reputation paid court to Cethegus ! waited upon him ! loaded him with presents ! and prayed, and besought him !—What is bondage if this be freedom ?

Still

Still further, when the tyranny of desires has ceased, another despot succeeds. Fear arises from conscious guilt. How unbounded is the power of a judge! what a terror to evil-doers! and is terror of any kind any other than bondage?

We have argued enough. "The wise man alone is free, and every fool is a slave."

SIR,

THE following lines are part of an unfinished poem. You may perhaps find a place for them in some grave lucubration.

FALSE PLEASURE,

A FRAGMENT.

———Envious of mankind,
When blest'd with equal rule their virtues rise,
And blossom, and produce the fruits of love,
Concord, and friendship, and serene delight;
By fiends deputed, envious of mankind,
Born of gay Luxury, False Pleasure speeds
To blast the beauteous scene. In bright attire,
She comes with courtly gesture; and her speech
With winning accent flows. O bar your ears
Against

Against the dire enticement! Nor allow
Her thrilling lay to gain and steep your hearts
In the lewd ecstasy. Whoever yields
To her soft-dittied strain, shall rue ere long
With sore contrition: or all sense of right
Raz'd from his soul, shall glory in a shape
Transform'd to brutal. For the witching song
Lures the free spirit from her lofty course,
And soaring progress mid aerial tracts,
Dashes and soils her plumage that erewhile
Shone like th' Arabian Phoenix, in the mire
And filth of sordid passion. Then, adieu
The towering thought! Corruption fest'ring deep,
Grapples, with cancr'ous fang, the heart that heaves
Reluctant, soon in ev'ry cell and pore,
To gush with livid venom. Then, alas!
The pleading eye of Pity; Mercy's smile;
Truth's lofty forehead challenging the storm
That on its marble, like the breath of even,
Sighs ineffectual; Fortitude that grasps
A mountain oak, and marches firm athwart
The fury of a flood; th' ingenuous blush
That tinges with unbidden glow, the cheek
Of meek-ey'd Modesty; no longer charm;
Nor kindle sympathetic fires; nor wake
The wish to imitate, and win like charms,
And clothe the soul with honor. Holy Power!
Genius of lofty minstrelsy, by whom
The heart, while melted, is enlarg'd, and free'd
From bonds of selfish and impure desire,
O Virtue! when the tainted heart nor feels

Thy

Thy grandeur, nor thy loveliness, adieu
 The manly enterprize! the bold design!
 And thou, fair Liberty, adieu!—Awake,
 Masters of song! wake from your heedless trance!
 And hurl the light'ning of bold verse! defend
 The fane of virtuous Freedom. *****

SIR,

THE sentiment and imagery in some of Horace's Odes, notwithstanding their alcaic or sapphic measure, seem appropriated to elegiac, rather than to lyric poetry. Of this sort is the celebrated *Ode to Dellius*; and therefore, in the following imitation, I have employed that kind of alternate verse which is generally used in our language by the writers of elegy,

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant.

I.

SINCE death, my Dellius, is the lot of all;
 And you must sink beneath his powerful hand;
 Attend to Wisdom's voice, to Reason's call:
 Your warring passions, and your heart command.

T

II. When

II.

When storms of adverse fate your soul oppress ;
When Fortune's sunshine, bids the tempest fly—
The plaintive murmurs of your heart suppress ;
Suppress the folly of tumultuous joy.

III.

For know, my Dellius, 'tis of no avail,
Whether you pass your fleeting days in grief ;
Or, on the bosom of a silent vale,
From wine solicit and obtain relief.

IV.

Where, with the poplar's intertwisting boughs,
The lofty pine affords a grateful shade ;
And in meanders, trembling as it flows,
The rill would run, but loiters in the glade.

V.

Call for Falernian wine, for soft perfume ;
Call for the rose, sweet emblematic flower !
The short-liv'd rose ! and in your early bloom,
Enjoy, while Fate allows, the festive hour.

VI. Ere-

VI.

Erelong, from earth my Dellius must depart ;
Your groves and palace shall be yours no more :
When Death shall pierce you with unerring dart,
Your heir will riot in your treasur'd store.

VII.

If rich or poor, alike will be our fate ;
We all must tread th' inevitable road :
Uncertain when, but certain soon or late,
We all must quit this tiresome—dear abode

N° XXXV.

Vivite felices.

VIR.

IF persons of delicacy and consideration, wishing to appear agreeable, feel difficulty in presenting themselves to company whom they respect, or with whom they are unacquainted; they must feel the ceremony of taking leave no less difficult and embarrassing. In some cases, particularly when intimate friends or near relations are to part for a long time, and especially with the uncertain prospect of ever meeting again, the task of saying farewell is so very painful that it is often avoided. It is also very often avoided on the departure of friends and acquaintance who are not to be far, or long separated from one another; because on such occasions it appears not only formal, but somewhat obtrusive. Yet when the ceremony is accounted proper or necessary, it is at least as difficult as the introductory address, and its consequences more important. Though a person may not enter a room in the most graceful manner, or even though his first impression be unfavorable, he has opportunities during his stay in company, by courtesy, good-sense, or agreeable humour, of recommending

mending himself to his new acquaintance, and of conciliating their good opinion. But they who are so unfortunate at parting, as to leave a disagreeable impression, sustain an irreparable loss; their doom seems irrevocable, for they are bereft of every opportunity of regaining the character they may have forfeited. They must depend for a favorable report, or rather for escaping censure, on the precarious boon of good-natured apology, or indulgent silence.

I now feel myself in this situation. The pretence of tenderness would on the present occasion, be a ridiculous reason for an abrupt cessation of intercourse between me and my readers. Nor should I think my treatment of them were as respectful as I trust they deserve, if I discontinued my visits without announcing my purpose. I have therefore to discharge the very critical function; and to fulfil what seems to me the very difficult office of saying farewell.

As however some preparation is necessary for the performance of every duty in life, whether of great or of small importance; so also, in the duty, if I may so term it, of taking leave: And those persons who, during their stay in company, have, with no improper respect for themselves, been desirous of pleasing and doing good, will probably have more to support them than the

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mere consciousness of good intention, and will therefore be less embarrassed at their departure, than if by awkwardness of behaviour, waywardness of humour, or impropriety of conduct, they were afraid of incurring reproach. The same thing applies to the writer, and especially to the periodical writer, who would please and instruct. Seneca tells us, that he endeavoured to employ every day of his life as if it eventually might be his last; so, if small matters may be compared with great, the periodical instructor ought to compose every discourse or essay with as much care and circumspection as if he were probably to write no more, and as if the impression it left were to determine the character and fate of the whole. I hope therefore I shall not seem presumptuous if I now administer to myself some portion of this soothing and exhilarating consciousness. But on this topic, though it may be mentioned, it would be unbecoming to expatiate. —Those who take leave of their friends are so much the more solicitous about their mode of departure, if they wish to return, or to be recalled. I, too, feel a degree of solicitude concerning the propriety of my valediction, proportioned to the desire I have of exciting so much regret in my readers as that they should wish our intercourse might be renewed. How happy should

should I be, if I might say, with a little alteration, in the words of an agreeable poet,

“ So sweetly they bade me adieu,

“ I thought that they bade me return !”

Having this wish, and perhaps this expectation, (if exertion and good intention may entitle me to expectation,) it is not to be supposed that I shall reveal more than I have done concerning the author or authors of the preceding essays. If the mystery be worth revealing, it is worth a little longer suspense.

On parting with those whose good, or whose kind opinion we are desirous of gaining or of preserving, we sometimes offer them gifts; we wish them to retain some memorial of our esteem, and some remembrancer of mutual affection. But, to my indulgent readers, can I offer any more than I have done? Can I devise any more affectionate token of my regard than I have already tendered? Have I not endeavoured to amuse and instruct them by presenting to them the fruits of my vigils; the effects of my observation, so far as I am capable of observing; the result of such knowledge, and the labours of such invention as I possess? All therefore that remains is to offer them the expression of my sincere and ardent wishes; and no one surely can entertain any doubt concerning the sincerity and ardour of my wishes, that those who honor

these papers with a perusal may derive some instruction; or, at least, as much amusement from reading, as I have done from composing them. For they have amused my leisure; have relieved the solitude of a winter evening, or enhanced the enjoyment of a summer walk: they have afforded me relaxation from the discharge of important duties; have wiled away some hours, which might otherwise have been afflicted with languor; have furnished some topics for the animated discussions of friendship. And as every one, in this varied journey of human life, has some appropriated cares and sorrows, they have occasionally alleviated or turned away my attention from such cares and sorrows, whether real or imaginary, as are peculiarly mine. That in like manner they may amuse the leisure, solace the fatigue, relieve the languor, animate the ingenuity, restore the vigour, or divert the solicitude of my readers, is certainly my ardent and sincere desire. If they should do more, and also contribute to their instruction, my enjoyment must, without doubt, receive various and great addition.

7 JU 66

THE END.

E R R A T A.

- Page 26. line 20. *for* one royal solitary *read* one solitary royal
 33. — 20. *for* properties *read* proprieties
 54. — 2. *for* being *read* be
 56. — 8. *for* what hideous *read* what a hideous
 72. — 1. *for* impetuofo *read* Impetuofo
 75. — 16. *for* courage *read* carriage
 108. — 10. *for* Ætes *read* Aïetes
 128. — 21. *for* than a *read* than that of a
 129. — 14. *for* neglect *read* praise
 138. — 11. *for* administrating *read* administering
 151. *passim*, *for* Anster *read* Auster
 155. — 17. *strike out the word* his
ibid. — penult. *for* noble *read* notable
 160. — 15. *for* in choice *read* in the choice
 165. — 23. *strike out the full point after* Orators
 214. — 4. *for* numbers *read* members
 268. — 9. *for* possessions *read* passions
 280. — 11. *for* friendship. And *read* friendship; and

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